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is not now permitted
The ~~Only~~ Paper that ~~Dares~~ to Tell You ~~All~~ The Truth

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

On Saturday night the headlines of the evening newspapers were

THE NAVAL MIGHT OF ENGLAND

but they all seemed to make the same mistake, and that was in the spelling of the third word, which should surely have been spelt—"MITE."

**

Grave Unrest in Lahore

A violent religious dispute between Moslems and Sikhs suddenly burst into flame to-day, and the situation here is exceedingly serious.

British troops have been called up and the Governor of the Punjab, Sir Herbert Emerson, has arrived in haste from Simla to take control. A curfew order has also been proclaimed in the city and military and armoured cars are patrolling the streets.

A Sikh was murdered this morning, and soon afterwards another Sikh, a policeman, was stabbed and seriously wounded. Altogether four cases of stabbing have been reported, all the victims being Sikhs.

Elaborate precautions are being taken at up-country centres to prevent communal fighting in view of wide-spread feeling among the communities throughout the Province.

**

Cause of Trouble

The trouble started to-day when a crowd of Moslems attempted to rush a Sikh Gurudwara (temple), in the compound of which was an old unused Moslem mosque.

The Sikhs had for a long time wanted to demolish this mosque, and carried on a protracted dispute regarding it with the Moslems. Finally, they started upon its demolition, whereupon the

Moslems, infuriated, immediately began to march in force against the Sikhs.

The police then threw a cordon round the Gurudwara, and made a lathi charge upon the Moslem crowd to force them back from the Temple compound. Eleven arrests have been made and aeroplanes are circling over the city to assist the authorities in locating any special danger spots.

This evening the District Magistrate has notified the publishers of all newspapers in Lahore that they must from to-day submit for censorship at the office of the Director of Information all articles, news-items, and comments of any kind in connection with the Gurudwara affair.

The Governor's personal efforts to bring about peace having failed, the Government has issued a communique declaring that the Sikhs were within their rights in insisting on the letter of their 170-year-old possession.

The Government, however, regrets that the Sikhs acted in a precipitate manner to enforce their claim.

They created, says the communique, a very critical situation by starting demolition of the mosque at 3 a.m., although the Government had been given to understand by Sikh leaders that no decision would be taken until the vital meeting of their leaders at 8 o'clock this morning.

Reuter.—Morning Post

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Temperament

Human nature is rather like our English climate, very changeable and subject to strange moods that come and go like those depressions that advance from the Atlantic. Not often are two days quite the same with us.

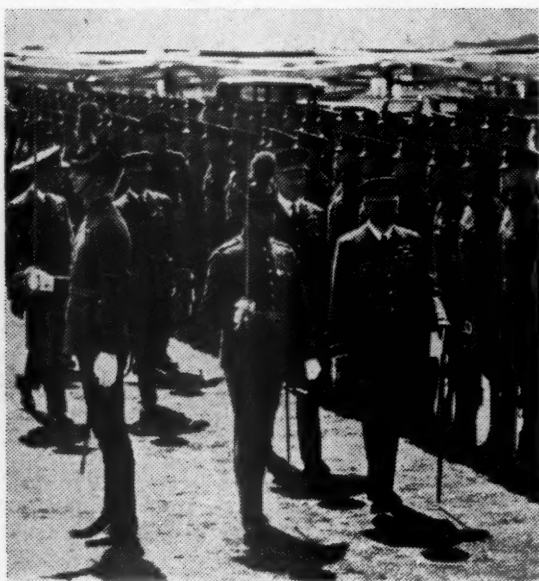
That makes things a little difficult, as we all

know, in adjusting ourselves to the weather, but it makes life itself even more difficult in our task of trying to understand each other.

For we do seem to carry about with us our own weather. Sometimes we know it. We get up in the morning and our sky seems overcast and cloudy. Nothing is right at the breakfast table, and quite possibly nothing else may be right for the rest of the day. We are in a bad mood, though to account for it may be beyond us.

If we do not know it, other people do. They get out of our way if they can. One or two may stand up to us and then there will be something like a thunderstorm. Others who have no power to stand up to us have to put up with us. We spoil their day and cast hours of gloom over every one of them.

THE SKY PILOT IS ENTITLED TO HIS STARS.



The King, wearing for the first time the uniform of Marshal of the Royal Air Force, inspects a Guard of Honour at Mildenhall.

But that is not the worst of it.

The atmosphere that was in us gets into them. They take it home with them. The clouds that may have lifted by evening with us pass on to darken other lives. It is only a very patient and understanding wife who listens quietly to a bad-tempered husband, because, as she tells herself, "something must have gone wrong at the office to-day."

Moods like this complicate life in the most exasperating way. The man who parts from us at night with a laugh meets us in the morning with a frown. Then, when we have bothered our heads about it to the extent of resolving to tackle him on the subject at the first opportunity and to ask

him how and when we offended him, the laugh suddenly comes back. It is all very bewildering.

Now and then in a bad mood a man will make an important decision. When the mood is past, he may realise that the decision was wrong. It may have been utterly unfair to others. It may have lost him a valued friendship.

But even if he sees that, if he knows that the real problem was inside him and not outside him, if he is willing to admit to himself that he exaggerated facts and made a mountain out of a molehill and let his temper get the better of him, he is not likely to admit it to anybody else.

Only great souls admit that they are ever wrong, and, of course, there are not many great souls about. The rest are put to silence by their own stupid pride. It may be that they let loose upon their friends and neighbours the anger that they feel themselves. That is some relief, though a contemptible one, and it does not remove the distress and humiliation they must face in the end silently and alone.

Now the time is coming when the medical profession will be able to help us in dealing with our moods. When we excuse ourselves and put it all down to our "temperament," there is some sense in what we say as well as an obvious selfishness. What is temperament? Perhaps I might define it as the physical basis of personality. It is the total effect produced upon a spirit by the body in which it lives.

I am not thinking of such an obvious instance as an attack of liver. It is just worth while to mention that in passing because a liver attack does induce in us a definite mood of mental depression and irritableness.

I feel myself that the mysteries of temperament will never be solved—and then, of course, only partially—until doctors know more about the ductless glands. Some experimental knowledge in that direction has been achieved already, but there lies the path, I believe, to a tremendous discovery and one that will mean more than we can imagine to human happiness and well-being.

Meanwhile, we must wait, but while we wait we must not excuse ourselves too easily for the consequences of our moods. If we cannot as yet understand temperament, at least we can control it. The only way to control it is by knowing ourselves better, as we really are.

I realise, of course, that we can never know ourselves completely, but we could know ourselves much better than we do if we had the courage and the honesty to do it. The study of oneself is a most uncomfortable business. It hurts our pride in some very sensitive places. Yet it is only so, by facing facts, that we can get control and through that control gain new power and peace.

For example, a man ought to be able to break through a mood by thinking himself back to its cause. That cause may be quite simple and quite recent. He may be worrying about something, or brooding upon an insult, real or imaginary, or sulking about a disappointment, or ashamed of himself because of a wrong that he has done, or in a state of tension awaiting anxiously some news or decision.

If he would but face that fact about himself and admit it to himself as the cause of his temper or depression, the mood would disappear.

Sometimes the cause lies deeper, and then he will need longer thought and possibly expert help to guide him. Old troubles, old anxieties, old sins, long buried, as we think, amongst our memories, have still the power to rise up and haunt us. It is not so easy, though, to recognise the ghost. That is where we want skilled advice. And that is why the clergy of the future will have to receive some training in psychology.

In any case, here and now, if we know anything of personal religion, we can put ourselves into touch with One whose power to guide us is more effective than anything that the cleverest of men can ever do. There is a cure for moods in prayer. Why are there so few of us who ever try it?

The Rev. W. H. ELLIOTT in the *Sunday Pictorial*.

**

Where is the Power?

Where is the Power which is going to use its military force to apply "pressure" to Italy? Great Britain is so thoroughly disarmed that she is



in no position to apply force to anybody. France would certainly not take part in a wild crusade against Italy. Germany has quitted the League, and views it with distrust; and the attitude of the United States and Japan is very similar. As for the people of this country, they have not the faintest intention of being rushed into a war on Abyssinia's behalf and that a war against an old friend and ally.

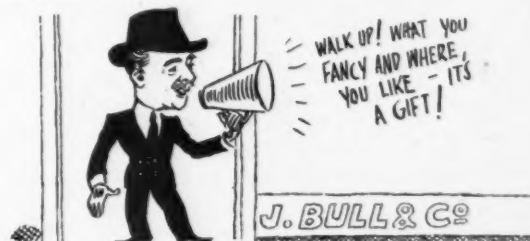
Mr. Eden's assertion that the British public "feels very strongly" on this Abyssinian problem we are compelled categorically to deny. The British public is not thinking about it at all. The policy of perpetual meddling is going to land this country in every kind of difficulty.

Daily Mail,

The Universal Goat

In our leading article of last Thursday we pointed out that Mr. Eden's new job appeared to have taken on a new and rather sinister significance. Parliament had been told that he would be a Cabinet Minister (without portfolio) for League of Nations Affairs. In fact his business seemed to be to rush in where the League fears to tread.

Nothing was said in the course of Mr. Eden's statement in the House last night to remove that unfortunate impression. On the contrary, it becomes demonstrably clearer that our free lance Cabinet Minister is destined to be Europe's Public Busybody No. 1.



Having explained the Government's "tentative" offer to hand over to Abyssinia a chunk of British Somaliland as the price of Italo-Ethiopian concord, Mr. Eden said:

"Our motives were neither egoistic nor dictated by our interests in Africa, but by our membership of the League of Nations."

What on earth can that mean except that as between the interests of the British Empire and saving the face of the League of Nations it is Mr. Eden's business, or he construes it as his business, to see that the latter comes first.

No wonder the House of Commons grew restive as Mr. Eden cheerfully explained matters.

The League is powerless to enforce or induce a settlement between Italy and Abyssinia. It has no physical force, little moral force, and nothing to offer in the way of bribes.



But hold! There is always Britain, eager to play the Universal Dove, and not unwilling, it seems, to play the universal milch goat: "*La Ligue, c'est nous!*" exclaims Mr. Eden in the handsome language of Louis XIV., meaning that anybody who wants a slice of the British Empire can get it by threatening to hamstring the League of Nations.

But Mr. Eden is mistaken in imagining that the British people are willing to buy peace among

quarrelsome neighbours by rich gifts of British territory.

Did he not tell us, on returning from Rome the other day, that the dispute between Italy and Abyssinia was "on the knees of the gods," carefully omitting to mention his unsuccessful efforts to ease the burden on to the knees of the British Empire?

Let it remain on the knees of the gods.

Evening News.

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Where is Truth?

At the time of the re-shuffle of the Cabinet it was given out that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was relinquishing his post as Premier to take up the less onerous work of Lord President of the Council, the strain being too great in his existing state of health for him to continue as Prime Minister. In answer to a question in the House on the 17th June, it would appear, however, that this is not the real reason, for Mr. Baldwin stated:—



With regard to the duties of the Lord President . . . I can assure the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Lansbury) that, of all the offices which I have held, I have never had more work to do, and had less pay, than I had as Lord President. It is one of the hardest posts that I have ever occupied.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will presumably find the post equally hard, so it is not easy to see where the regard for his health comes in. The nation is entitled to further explanation from the honest Mr. Baldwin.

**

The Patriot.

Militant Patriotism

M. Laval's visit to Moscow and the alleged scandalous treatment of French journalists on that occasion are the subject of correspondence in the Courrier Socialiste (states our Russian correspondent).

The French journalists were closely guarded; they were seen only when driven through the streets or at the theatre, otherwise they were allowed to come into contact only with a very limited and carefully selected circle of communist "grandees."

The newspapermen complained that never had they been so completely cut off from their own foreign minister as in Moscow. But Soviet bigwigs also refused them all interviews and private talks; were always "too busy"!

Though a kind of militant patriotism is the official order of the day, the truth is that one witnesses a gradual growth of a cold hatred of Stalin

and the entire régime, a hatred which at times outweighs every other feeling and consideration.

"It would seem," says a writer, "that if we are finally drawn into war, the whole system will explode."

It is rumoured that Gorky's star is settling, and the French guests commented upon his absence at the celebrations. Never has the bolshevik party-policy been so fierce, and Kirov's murder marks a kind of line of demarcation, for it was followed by ruthless repressions and deportations of "undesirable elements." It is said that 30,000 persons have been deported from Leningrad and double this number from Moscow; even many communists have been exiled.

These last deportations are all to Siberia, for rumour has it that the sinister camp of Solovki is to be abolished, as the communists have realised that the natural beauty of the islands might attract foreign tourists and most important, foreign currency.

Catholic Herald.

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"Flying Tank" for Soviet

A "flying tank"—a glider, towed by a plane capable of carrying large supplies of fuel—is now constructed by the Soviet "Aviakhim" Aviation plant, in order to solve the problem of fuel supply for planes on non-stop, long-distance flights, reports Exchange.

Refuelling in mid-air from these "tank" gliders was successfully demonstrated in a recent flight from Moscow of a plane towing a two-seater glider. At a height of 3,600 feet the plane was quickly refuelled from the glider by means of a



rubber tube, the entire operation taking but 15 minutes.

This important innovation is expected to make possible future long-distance flights by the "air train," which will consist of a number of fuel supply and freight and passenger-carrying gliders towed by a high-powered, multi-motored airplane.

An all-rubber glider, which must be blown up with air, weighs only 45 pounds and, when deflated, can be folded compactly into an ordinary suitcase, is the largest contribution of Soviet's aviation.

The framework is made of soft, collapsible rubberised cloth tubes, while the entire plane is covered with the same air-tight material.

This diminutive motorless plane can be easily carried to any convenient elevation suitable for a take-off and filled with air in a few minutes.

"Let Them All Come" —Now Spain!

By Kim

EVERYBODY by now has heard of Captain Kane, the master of the British steamer *Brompton Manor*, who has been flung into prison on a charge that he "forcibly resisted the police," and has been sentenced to two-and-a-half years' imprisonment by a Spanish judge in Majorca.

Public feeling is being aroused on this case at home. The Foreign Office are uneasy and have taken steps—so Sir Samuel Hoare says—to effect Captain Kane's release. The British Consul offered bail for £400 but the president of the local tribunal has refused to concede anything. Apart from the merits of the case, the fact that Captain Kane is a man of first-class reputation, this instance is so outstanding as a case of petty persecution and injustice, that it should develop into a first-class issue. There have been too many instances of recent years where British subjects have been maltreated and thrown unjustly into prison on the most frivolous pretexts without any strong action on the part of the Foreign Office to demand justice. Obviously, in this case, if the Spanish Government wanted to be conciliatory, it was in their power to order the President of the Minor Court in Palma to release this British sailor on bail.

Underlying this, however, and other cases which have happened elsewhere, where Britons have been deliberately bullied and thrown into gaol without any pretensions of showing consideration and fairness, does it not indicate that British prestige is rapidly on the wane? In past days a magistrate in Palma, Majorca, or any judge in any country, or the judiciary of any nation would have thought twice before they treated the subjects of the King of England with utter contumely.

DRASTIC MEASURES

A British subject supplied with a passport is entitled to justice and any deliberate abuse of the rights of a sovereign state's nationals is an insult to that nation. In past days men like Palmerston, Disraeli or Salisbury, would not have stood for such a case as Captain Kane's for a moment. They would have strongly protested to the Foreign Minister of Spain, and if redress were not granted, would have been prepared to take drastic measures unless the British subject were released. And they would have demanded an apology and very possibly an indemnity. In those days the British Flag was respected, but this Government suffers any insult, any abuse from any one, and is looked upon with contempt as being afraid to do its job.

Whether Captain Kane is released shortly or not, the principle remains that we have a Government to-day of such defeatist ideas as to make it regarded as of less and less account in the eyes of the foreigners. If our Navy and Army and Air Force had held to-day the paramount position they proudly sustained after the war, does anyone suppose that petty magistrates and others would dare to tweak the Lion's tail with impunity? The Kane case is merely a symptom of our decline, because we are fools enough to tolerate a Government which has disarmed and has surrendered its sovereignty to the League of Nations. The magistrate at Palma, Majorca, can afford to snap his fingers in the face of the British Foreign Office when he knows quite well it will not take any drastic steps. High diplomacy in Madrid can equally well gain a little badly wanted popularity by giving the British a nasty kick in a part of their anatomy, being confident that there will be no kick back again.

PACIFISTS AND RUN-AWAYS

In a word, here is a concrete instance of the results of a Government of pacifists and run-aways. So hopelessly wedded is the Government (but not the nation) to its League of Nations that it has thrown aside every pretence of foreign policy except to use Geneva as its "sheet-anchor," on all and every occasion. Mr. Baldwin has recently boasted that the League is the cardinal principle of the Government policy, that it is its "sheet-anchor," and when we discover Mr. Anthony Eden is sent on a mission to Mussolini to offer to cede British territory and subjects to a slave-ridden black semi-civilised state merely to save the face of the League of Nations, what hope is there for Captain Kane? He is merely an individual to be broken when the sacred principles of Geneva with its disarmament, its pacifism, and all of its nauseating shams maintained at all costs, by Ramsay MacDonald and the rest of the dangerous Internationalists, are in question.

The League is our "sheet-anchor" declaims Mr. Baldwin. IT IS OUR RUIN. Under a guise of peace it is paving the road to wars whereby the fools who believe in it will be sacrificed to the unscrupulous but artful ones who take advantage of it. It is a political confidence trick on a gigantic scale. We are playing the role of Samson to the League's Delilah, a nation brave, enterprising, but always duped through our politicians.

Mr. George Lansbury told an audience the other day that Great Britain's might was "bowed down to and respected throughout the world." The answer is Captain Kane. We might be and would

be what Mr. Lansbury says if we could sweep away all our pacifists and dump them on some desert isle to prate harmlessly of pacifism among themselves in a world which will never eradicate war. To-day the result of our "sheet-anchor" policy is that we

are left without friends. We have estranged France, Japan, and now Italy. We meddle in their affairs and remain unarmed. Sooner or later they will stop our meddling with anyone—once and for all.

TOWN AND COUNTRY

By Hamadryad

No more the pleasant farmyard drowzes
Beside the village lane;
No more the cow contented browses
Amid the alien grain.
Where wild flowers strewed the highway's verges
The red brick villas stand;
The serried bungalow emerges
From once green meadowland.

Where once, embowered in softest greenery,
Slumbered the peaceful vale,
Garages occupy the scenery
With disused cars for sale.
Where once the old thatched barn was standing
There's now a builder's dump,
While just beyond, immense, commanding,
Burgeons a petrol pump.

In yon' thatched cottage was a wee shop
That dealt in sweets and pop,
But now it is Ye Olde Tea Shoppe
Where motor coaches stop,
And under red and blue umbrellas
Trippers in song contend,
And raise the same old merry hell as
At Margate or Southend.

Spoiled are the green and happy valleys,
Spoiled are the rolling downs;
The open roads are turned to alleys,
Where "Ships" and stucco "Crowns"
Compete for trade with red-brick "Georges";
Where once the furtive hare
Gambolled, the roadhouse speeds its orgies,
The jazz band trumpets blare.

Mile upon mile, through all the country
The road becomes a street,
Where there is neither grass nor one tree
To shade us from the heat;
Swift as the ink from poet's pen runs
The dreadful ribbon flows,
All shops and shacks and huts and hen runs,
Tin sheds and bungalows.

Now there's a Bill to put a stop to
Ribbon development,
And if it's one the Commons hop to,
Their time will be well spent.
But all too late they do their duty
With solemn tongues and slow;
The harm is done, the country's beauty
Was ruined long ago.

God's Enemies

By Meriel Buchanan

THE churches of old Russia. The great cathedrals of the Kremlin and of St. Petersburg with their faded frescoes and tall, golden columns, their memories of coronations, of pomp and majesty, and great State services. Wooden village churches, with brightly coloured domes of green or blue, painted with gold and silver stars. Little wayside chapels where the Holy Ikons looked out through long glass doors at the passing traffic, and old men in black overcoats spent all their time collecting the burnt out ends of yellow candles, which had been put up as votive offerings by a constant stream of visitors.

"Religion is the opium of the people." That old phrase of Karl Marx has been repeated over and over again by the Militant Godless in their fight for the new cult of Atheism. "We expose the class basis of Religion," Yaroslavsky, the head of the Militant Godless declares. "An anti-religious centre must be created, in order to assist the Communist parties of all countries to guide this constantly growing movement against Religion and the clergy, because this is part of the class struggle, and as such is not only meritable but an essential part of the struggle against the capitalist world . . . part of the struggle for communism."

But where religion is so much part of every day life, so vital a comfort and relief to rich and poor alike, it becomes an overwhelming force, and one cannot wonder that the Soviet authorities, in their fight for complete and absolute power have sought to crush and destroy the Church, and have spent millions of pounds in propaganda trying to belittle and defame this great obstacle, which has barred their way and obstinately withstood all efforts to overthrow it.

Atheistic Propaganda

An attempt has been made in certain quarters in England, notably by Mr. W. P. Coates, secretary of the Anglo-Russian Parliamentary Committee, to minimise the extent of the anti-religious persecutions in Russia, and it is true that, after the Papal protest in 1930, Stalin, afraid of the bad effect abroad, gave orders that the active punishment of religious belief was to cease, but the elimination of the church still continues, the colleges for training the clergy have all been suppressed, no religion is taught in the schools, many churches are shut up, three of the big monasteries near Moscow and Kiev, as well as the Cathedrals of the Kazan and St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg, have been turned into anti-religious museums, and an insidious atheistic propaganda permeates Russia, by films, speeches and lectures, undermining the faith of the people, breeding a spirit of scepticism and doubt, instilling into the simple, credulous

mind of the Russian peasant a new and sinister dogma of hatred and suspicion.

Blasphemous posters are blazoned all over Russia, calling on the people to save their children from alcohol and religion, showing God as a fat capitalist, smoking a big cigar; they vilify the name of Our Lord, picturing a Soviet workman, mounting a ladder into the clouds, with a huge hammer in his hands. "We have done away with the earthly Tsars," runs the inscription. "We will now deal with the heavenly ones."

Campaign in England

Nor is this propaganda confined within the Soviet States; it spreads its poisonous tentacles over Europe, defiling all it touches, teaching men to sneer at God, destroying ideals, faith and virtue.

IN ENGLAND THE "LEAGUE OF SOCIALISTIC FREE THINKERS" IS IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH THE SOVIET SOCIETY OF THE "MILITANT GODLESS," AND THE CAMPAIGN TO DESTROY THE CHURCH IN THIS COUNTRY IS BEING CARRIED ON ALL THE TIME, SECRETLY, INSIDIOUSLY, BUT WITH A DIABOLICAL CLEVERNESS AND INTENSITY.

At a meeting of the working classes held at the office of the *Daily Worker* on December 30th, 1932, a resolution was passed which numbered among other items the determination to "Vindicate the policy of the U.S.S.R. in regard to religion and the churches . . . To exclude religion from the schools . . . To expose the charity of the churches and their so-called 'social welfare work' as demoralising and degrading to employed and unemployed alike . . ."

Since then, many other societies and organisations have been formed which carry on the same policy under different names, for instance, the British section of "The Writers' International" the "Artists' International," the "Workers' Theatre Movement," and "Kino, the Workers' Cinema."

When the bullets of the First Revolution spattered the walls of the Winter Palace in Petrograd, and the soldiers with their muddy boots trampled through the great silent rooms, breaking down doors and windows, smashing china and pictures, digging their bayonets into brocaded chairs, this was only the wanton destruction of property, and as the red tide of revolution rose, sweeping away men's sanity and reason, the lust to kill took possession of them, turning them into savage, ravening beasts.

But to-day the aim of the Soviet is more cunning and stealthy, and infinitely more dangerous, for to-day they seek to destroy men's souls, they want

to take from humanity that one steadfast support, that one unfailing solace and comfort, the belief in God!

And yet, in spite of the preachings of Lenin, in spite of Yaroslavsky, the "Militant Godless," and the activities of the atheist societies, the Soviet are finding the Church of Russia hard to overthrow, and one is reminded of the old story of the Cathedral of St. Sophia in Kiev with the miraculous Image of the Virgin on the Indestructible Wall. When in 1249 the Tartar armies laid waste and burnt the Mother of Russian Cities, and the roof of St. Sophia crashed in, burying all those

who had sought shelter in the Cathedral, that one wall, with the painted image of the Virgin, remained standing amidst the smoking, blackened ruins, and the pitying eyes of the Mother of God looked out over the dying and the dead.

So to-day, in Russia, in spite of persecution, oppression, cruelty and propaganda, a wall of Faith still stands inviolate amidst the carnage, the devastation and the despair, and one can only earnestly hope and pray that the Church will unite to build in England another wall in order that this country may withstand the onslaught of the Godless against Christianity.

This Other Eden

By Colonel Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

*"This royal Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden . . ."*

WHEN Shakespeare, his heart aflame with the inspiration of patriotism, penned his immortal eulogy of England, he little guessed in what altered fashion one of his jewelled phrases might be employed three hundred years later—"This other Eden!" This proud England of Elizabeth, "this seat of Mars," has become in the 20th century but the bewildered and seemingly helpless victim of a supine Government which, pandering to the whims of a dangerous gang of deluded, misnamed pacifists—for indeed their every action is calculated to bring about anything but a peaceful solution of our difficulties—has the effrontery to employ as its emissary to foreign powers, a young gentleman whose main qualifications would appear to be his good looks, empowering him to offer to a statesman of the calibre of Mussolini, in exchange for a surrender of his ambitions in Abyssinia, a considerable chunk of the British Empire, and this without the shadow of regard for the feelings of our fellow subjects in the territory it was proposed to abandon, let alone those of the citizens of this country and the Empire at large.

PUBLIC INDIGNATION

No wonder that even the Socialist members of Parliament joined in the attack on the Government this high-handed, indecent, and clearly *ultra vires* action provoked in the House of Commons, an attack which was in no wise mollified by the bleatings of the new Foreign Secretary in defence of the outrage and of Mr. Eden. No, Sir Samuel Hoare, nothing that you have advanced or can advance will save the Government from the righteous indignation of an incensed public over this matter. The time is near at hand when it will be displayed in a fashion which will not be very agreeable to them or to you.

Were the suggestion of ceding parts of British Somaliland to Abyssinia an isolated imbecility, an over-reaching of himself on the part of a person whose reputation has been puffed in a fashion out

of all proportion to any merit he may possess, the British public, though startled and indignant, would yet be in mind more easy. It is the abominable fact that this action on the part of Mr. Eden accords but too well with other Governmental performances, and the antics of one dangerous clique, that has brought to a head the burning disquiet of so many minds.

SELLING THE PASS

But a few days ago, and almost without comment, it was arranged that the British Fighting Forces should in future be absolved from their sole allegiance to the King whenever it occurred to the Minister in temporary authority as a bright idea to hand them over to the command and control of the League of Nations! Thus is dissolved the first and strongest safeguard of a sovereign state, and after so complete a selling of the pass, patriotic Englishman might well despair.

The control of land and command of men are as lightly to be thrown away as a pair of cast-off gloves in the eyes of the present Government; and as it is common knowledge that the Government value votes above all things, one is driven to ask if the old adage has fulfilled itself, and the gods are first driving mad whom they would destroy. For while Englishmen stand aghast at the actions of the Government, that very Government, unable to distinguish between the propaganda of a fanatic and the desire of the masses, is flinging away the very popularity for which it would most cheerfully sacrifice both England and Empire.

Propaganda more clever, and at the same time more completely misleading than that promulgated by the League of Nations Union, and the gang of dangerous fanatics headed by Viscount Cecil, has yet to be devised. Working over a period of years and culminating in the preposterous "Peace Ballot," it has completely misled our demagogues and sycophants as to the real state of feeling in the country. No one can deny that it is possible for any person of trained intelligence to draw up a questionnaire on any subject in such a fashion as to obtain a completely misleading

result. If the person interrogated is robbed of all opportunity to amplify or comment, and the person posing the questions has even half his wits about him, it is simplicity itself so to question a man as to make him appear to deny his dearest faith.

On this knowledge the promoters of the Peace Ballot proceeded, and it is high time that both their activities and the origins of the League of Nations Union were thoroughly investigated. Perhaps then we should arrive at some explanation of the remarkable number of Teutonic and Hebraic patronymics among the earliest donors of substantial sums to the Union. Has as much been spent by Germans in Germany to promote the League's cause? Yet when all is said of the workings of propaganda on the minds of the present Government, it must be admitted that they suffer less from intimidation than from a national lack of constructive courage. Their real choice in the realm of foreign policy is so simple. They are faced but with the alternatives of shouldering the task appointed and dictating peace through the strength of a United Empire, or, failing the

strength of mind and purpose to achieve this end so plainly indicated by the history of the past, of fussing from conference to conference, and weakly proposing what they lack the courage and sense of duty to command.

POLTROONERY

If the cause of peace fails, that failure will be the direct consequence of the policy and pusillanimity of those self-professed friends of peace, Messrs. MacDonald and Baldwin and of their beloved protegee, "This other Eden." Up to now they have achieved among them scathing comments from the newspapers of France and Italy, and yells of a Hitler triumph in Berlin. Whether they are as satisfied with their work as they profess the country neither knows nor cares. The one concern of every patriotic Briton is the removal from office of those responsible for this undignified and graceless poltroonery, and the immediate substitution of a united and Imperial policy which would make any country think twice, and yet again, before venturing to disturb that order which the British Empire supported.

Commissarism

[Reprinted from Tuesday's *Morning Post*]

HAVING learnt to take all news from Russia with a grain of salt, we are not greatly moved by reports which reach this country of the framing of a new Constitution, with secret ballot and equal electoral privileges. Stalin and his Commissars keep the simple Russian hoping now with one promise and again with another. A little while ago it was the collective farm with motor tractors, and all the rest of it, which was going to make Russia a land of plenty, and there was the Five Years Plan, which was to make Russia the workshop of the world. These dreams have faded out in the general incompetence which infects and defeats everything except propaganda; but the peasant remains as important as ever and must be coaxed with new pledges to produce more food. A little while ago he was allowed three acres and a cow in defiance of Communist principles, and now he is to be given a secret ballot and an equal vote with the townsman. We doubt if such promises will inspire him to great enthusiasm; he will no doubt suspect from past experience that there is a catch somewhere—and he will probably be right.

BALANCE OF POWER

The present Constitution was well calculated to keep the power in the hands of the Commissars: the voting is by a show of hands; canvassing is only allowed to candidates approved by the Communist Party; and the town is given five times as much electoral power as the country. If there were now to be (as announced in February last) direct equal and secret voting for all citizens over eighteen (except "class-enemies") the balance of political power might be expected to pass from town to country, since Russia has a rural population of 126,000,000 against 40,000,000 in urban areas. But this expectation would probably be wrong: it would really surprise us if power were allowed to pass out of the hands of the small privileged Communist Party, and its nominees and leaders, the Executive and the Commissars, who rule the State.

Russia, let us always remember, is a land of privilege. It supports a class, stronger and more ruthless than the boyars of feudal times, a class which enjoys all power and all benefit. The Communist Party, itself, is probably only one or two millions strong, and its functionaries, a close corporation, supported by the O.G.P.U., and controlling every branch of Government, and every source of wealth, are not in the least likely to part with their power without a struggle, since power to them means life and abdication would mean destruction. It will be interesting to see how the Red Parliaments which are to be set up in the Soviet Republics will be managed, what powers will be given, and what powers denied them: if we go on past experience we may look to see the Russian peasant cheated as heretofore. In the meantime it will be amusing to see how the Communists of Western Europe, who have been accustomed to denounce "rotten Parliamentarism" as a "petty bourgeois superstition," will adapt their ideas to this change of front at Moscow.

It will be noticed that these promises of constitutional reforms are accompanied by energetic appeals to Nationalist and Militarist sentiment. As our Riga Correspondent reports to-day, even the trouble in Abyssinia is being turned into propaganda for bigger land, air and sea forces, and the Soviet Government are building sixteen gigantic aeroplanes of the "Maxim Gorky" type, to be used not for propaganda only but, if need be, for war.

It is interesting to remember that *Pravda*, which now warns "foreign Imperialists to keep their dirty paws off Soviet frontiers," was recently predicting "the day of judgment and retribution for the thousand years' crime—the day for India, for China," etc. We hope the Government are giving their attention to Communist propaganda in India, which is calculated to bear fruit in the troubles expected from the Indian Constitution.

Eve in Paris

THE great sweepstake, just inaugurated, added excitement to the Grand Prix, at Longchamp. A certain tailor, who had drawn Crudite, was offered a large sum for half his ticket. "No," he replied. "I have won 300,000 francs in the National Lottery and feel I am in luck." He was, and won three million francs more.

The Grand Prix marks the close of the Parisian season. There are, of course, entertainments such as the garden party at the British Embassy, for which those invited remain if possible, but many people, dreading a return of the heat wave, and for other reasons, are glad to escape to sea or countryside. Cruises and foreign travel are fashionable.

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THE garden party at the British Embassy was attended by notabilities remaining in Paris. The Band of the Republican Guard played, and guests wandering through the beautiful gardens expressed their satisfaction that Sir George Clerk is not, as was reported, departing for Washington.

Impending changes in diplomatic circles were discussed. M. Spalaikovitch, Yugo-Slavian Minister, known as "the perfect diplomat," is leaving after thirty years' service in France; Signor Cerruti replaces the popular Count Morano di Custoza as Ambassador of Italy and Count O'Kelly de Galleagh was bidding farewell to numerous friends. A man of great culture and literary talent (he has lately published an admirable translation of Fitzgerald's Rubaiyat into French) the Irish Minister had made himself an enviable position in Parisian society which will not easily be filled.

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AT this time, as usual, vacations are being discussed, and one hears mysterious rumours which, arising from unknown sources, are constantly circulated in Paris and keep the public mind disturbed and pessimistic. "It is wise to leave Paris before the National holiday," alarmists advise, "there will be demonstrations. The young people without work are sending delegates to the Ministre du Travail to protest against their pitiful condition; on July 14 a demonstration of the masses is being organised, 500,000 men marching from the Bastille. Will they remain within the limits the law has defined? And what of Colonel de la Rocque with his Croix de Feu—aggressive movement on the part of the Communists would rouse him into action. Alas, the storm must break sooner or later."

Such talk does infinite mischief, it impedes the Government in the hard task of reform, and if maladministration and extravagance are to continue, then indeed "la République" is in peril.

MONSIEUR LAVAL after Parliament had been dismissed for holiday, spoke grave words to the Press. "I and my colleagues," he said, "are elaborating measures essential for the salvation of the country. I beg to be allowed to work in peace and quiet. I warn the public against false reports spread by persons interested in the downfall of the French franc. I shall not hesitate, if necessary, to put an end to such speculation. The Government possesses power to do so." M. Laval was alluding to certain statements made the previous day which had sent down French Rentes.

This speech of the President of the Council was well received. With a firm Government, a balanced budget, France's prosperity would revive, but at this critical moment any conflicts between political parties must be avoided. The powers inimical to France, who are carrying on occult propaganda against her, would not be ill pleased if troubles broke out in the homeland or colonies, sorely hit by overproduction, hence their attack on the currency to force devaluation and cause panic.

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THE marriage of Mlle. José Laval and M. René de Chambrun will unite two charming and clever young people. She inherits her famous father's mental powers, has been highly educated and has studied Law. Accompanying M. Laval (when Minister for Foreign Affairs) on many of his diplomatic journeys, to Rome, Moscow, America, she acted frequently as his secretary and proved herself an admirable travelling companion, observant, appreciative and popular wherever she went.

M. René de Chambrun is a talented lawyer. The son of General de Chambrun, his mother was a Miss Longworth, an American; he is descended from the great family of the Lafayettes, and America has granted him admittance to the United States bar, an honour rarely conceded to foreigners.

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A ROYAL welcome awaited Mr. Walt Disney in Paris. He arrived at Le Bourget and gave a reception at the Crillon for the Press. The great Gala organised by the *Figaro* took place at the Gaumont Palace. It was a wonderful sight, five thousand children had assembled to celebrate the coming of the originator of Silly Symphonies, "le Papa de Micki Mouse," adored by French juveniles and their elders.

Mlle. Helene Vacaresco presented the guest of honour to his excited young audience in flattering terms: "Imagine how delighted you would be to meet La Fontaine or Perrault," she said, drawing a parallel between the great "fabuliste," the fairy-tale writer and the American caricaturist.

Rail Wages and National Welfare

By E. T. Good

THE railway unions are going all out for full restoration of the wage cuts made a few years ago. The cuts have already been half restored. Wages were increased during and after the war by percentages greater than the percentage increases in cost of living. Since the cuts in wages, cost of living has fallen by a bigger percentage than represented by the cuts, leaving the railwaymen better off than ever they were. Railway investments have been discouraged; shares and dividends have fallen heavily; but railway wages, per man-hour, are 100 per cent. higher than before the war, whilst cost of living is not 50 per cent. higher than in 1913-14. As Sir George Hunter says, wages ought not to be increased, but decreased, in the national interest. That is perfectly true.

Traders want lower rates. With general wholesale commodity prices only about 10 per cent. higher than before the war, rail charges on the commodities are nearly 50 per cent. higher. With wages already 100 per cent. higher, how can any advance be justified? How can honest, fair-minded men dare to ask for an advance? Let us get the facts in true focus. No trade union and no trade unionist, no co-operative society and no member of such a society, would invest in any concern without prospect of a reasonable return.

DEPRECIATED SHARES

Before the war ordinary shareholders in railways received an average of 2s. 8d. in dividends per £ of railway revenue, and that was not considered extravagant. In the last few years they have not had 3d. in the £. On nearly £205,000,000 of ordinary railway shares, mostly held by people of modest means, or by trade unions and friendly societies composed mostly of working class members, no dividend has been paid for a few years, and the shares could only be sold at a loss. Countless thrifty workers, who invested with a view to assuring a modest income in their old age, find themselves now, in their old age, without a penny income from their investments, and with the market value of their shares seriously depreciated.

What about wages? Railway wages were supposed to be low from the beginning of the railway era until the early years of the present century. But they were not low enough to make recruitment for the railway service slack. When I applied for a job on a railway I was told that there were so many applications for employment that if I had my name entered in the book I might have to wait two years for a call. That was on the old North Eastern. Later, trade unionism developed; there was agitation. There were strike threats for higher

pay and trade union "recognition." There was a strike in which the Government intervened and a conciliation and arbitration scheme was set up in 1907. Wages were lifted and working conditions were improved. The wage advances granted brought the British railway companies' total wage bill up to £47,000,000 for the year 1913. Then, during the war, and in the early post-war years, under Government control, and in the period of inflation, wages were lifted more than 150 per cent. above the pre-war highest level.

On the occasion of de-control, in 1921, there was a remarkable stipulation. The Government of the day ordered the companies to maintain base wage rates at 100 per cent. above the pre-war base, permanently, to add some cost of living percentages to that, and to reduce the standard duty day to eight hours. In no other industry, in this country, or the world, was such conditions laid down in favour of labour.

BROKEN AGREEMENTS

Nevertheless, we have had, since then, unprecedented agitation in our railway service; the unions and their members have broken solemn agreements; they have declared strikes which have been illegal; they have gravely inconvenienced the public and the trade of the nation; they have caused much loss of trade, employment and wages in other industries—trade, employment and wages which have not been recovered; and now, after having pay increased far beyond cost of living increases, the railway unions are talking of strike action again to enforce 1931 rates though cost of living has been considerably reduced since that year.

In the five years ended 1934, the railway companies paid an average of £110,000,000 a year in wages, compared with £47,000,000 in 1913, though the tonnage of goods handled was nearly 100,000,000 tons less than in 1913. In 1934, with much reduced traffic, and 100,000 fewer men employed than in 1920, the companies paid £93,000,000 in wages. To-day, with slightly improved traffics, and more men employed than last year, the wage bill is at a rate of £100,000,000 a year, or £6,000,000 more than twice as much as was paid in 1913, with the railways handling about 50,000,000 tons less coal, iron ore and other commodities than they handled in the last pre-war year and the unions want still higher wages! What is the justification? Where is the logic? Where is the sense of fairplay? Do the unions want to drive more traffic to the roads? Do they want to see the railways decline? Do they desire to see tens of thousands of their members thrown out of employment? It looks like it.

Chaos in Europe

By Robert Machray

CHAOTIC cannot be said to be too strong a word to describe the sorry and distracted condition in which Europe finds itself today. Scarcely ever can high politics have been in a more horrible mess. The League of Nations, once the pet of nearly all the world, is weaker and more generally discredited than ever before, and the collective security at one time associated with it has become a meaningless and empty phrase, whatever the spokesmen of our fatuous Government and its supporters in the Press may assert to the contrary.

Three months ago the situation, at any rate in appearance, was different. The Stresa Conference undoubtedly gave the impression that there was established a solidarity of the three Western Powers—Britain, France and Italy—and this certainly seemed to be confirmed when, a few days later, the Council of the League, under the guidance or pressure of these Powers, condemned Germany for her violation of the military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles—with the implied threat that “sanctions” would be enforced for future delinquencies.

Sure of the position she had made for herself, Germany treated the verdict of the League with the utmost contempt, and Herr Hitler himself exposed the German point of view in his statement to the Reichstag on May 21. Mr. Baldwin replied next day, and though the tone of his speech was not unfriendly to Germany, there was still no indication of disunion among the “Stresa Powers.” That did not appear till June 18, when the terms of the Anglo-German Naval Agreement were made public. France received the news with extreme disfavour, and notwithstanding our Government’s “explanations,” continued to regard its action with the greatest dislike.

THE BROKEN FRONT

Indeed, no explanations could get away from the fact that the Stresa front had been broken, but efforts, not particularly successful, were made to close the breach. France remained dissatisfied and, to tell the truth, suspicious. The French Press spoke once more of *perfidie Albion*. And presently the situation was still further aggravated and complicated by the dispute between Italy and Abyssinia. At the ordinary meeting of the League Council in May, Signor Mussolini had yielded a little, and that little was stupidly magnified into a “triumph” for the League. How very small it was has since been made very clear by Mussolini himself.

Unless all signs fail, there will be war in the autumn between Italy and Abyssinia. But it must be noted, as a development of the situation, that the attempt at a compromise made by our inept and wretched Government was attended by such

details of method and other circumstances as not only antagonised Italy, but also tended unmistakably to increase the alienation of France from England.

Where, then, was the solidarity of the Western Powers? The Stresa front seemed to be shattered. All Europe was alarmed and thoroughly disquieted—and still is so. The League is seen to be hopeless, as Mussolini, who can count on the support of France, will unquestionably not yield to it. But the disunity of England, France and Italy, tremendously important as it is in every way, does not stand alone in producing chaos in Europe. Its immediate repercussions are felt in the Little Entente and Balkan Pact States—hence M. Titulescu’s visit to London, but other factors are at work more and more exacerbating the situation.

COMPLICATED POSITION

The Eastern Pact of the London Declaration has been modified substantially, but, even so, makes no progress, and the Central European or Danubian Pact, which was to have been discussed in May, has been indefinitely postponed. Meanwhile the position in Central Europe has been complicated by the favours shown to the Habsburgs by the Austrian Government—to the discontent of Czechoslovakia and the other Little Entente States, who are also stubbornly opposed to the re-armament of Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria.

It is true, however, that our Government is trying to renew the solidarity of Stresa, and Mussolini himself is for it, provided he is not interfered with in Abyssinia. And here, perhaps it may be pointed out, as Mr. Garvin did in last Sunday’s *Observer*, that there is a larger view possible of the Abyssinian adventure, Mussolini’s fundamental aim being to clear his flank in case there is war in Europe. “The conclusion at Rome is that if the Italians were involved in a European conflict during the next few years, the Abyssinians would be down on them to a certainty,” and therefore the situation “must be grappled with now.”

To every British patriot it is very far from pleasant that one of the things that stands out prominently from the chaotic situation outlined above, is the comparative powerlessness of England, because of her impaired military, naval and air strength. With her stake in Egypt, the Sudan, and the waters of the Nile, it is sheer nonsense to say that she has no particular interest in Abyssinia, the land which contains one of the big sources of the great river on which depends all the life of that immense territory. She has, in fact, a truly imperial interest in it, but unfortunately this is a time when British interests, however imperial, do not receive from our Government the support they merit.

Peril of Antiquated Army Manoeuvres

By Major G. H. Reade

THE Government and the War Office are pluming their feathers, because the Government have permitted, and the War Office are about to carry out, Army Field Training and Manoeuvres on the largest scale since 1925.

For Army Field Training is the vital work on which the Army's efficiency as a fighting force depends. Without it soldiers would be merely drill experts. Field training makes for physical fitness as well as military knowledge; it should teach all ranks, from General to private soldier, what soldiering really means.

During the last ten years, owing to the niggardliness of every Government in power, National as well as Socialist, the money allotted to this, the most important part of a soldier's career at home, has been so meagre that field training each year has been carried out on skeleton lines. And a very important point, most of the land over which operations have had to take place has been so circumscribed in area that no exercises of any size could be attempted. Moreover, it is the same old land, year after year—it is the same again this year with a few additional acres thrown in—and every rabbit hole thereon is known to Generals, Staff officers, junior officers, rank and file, horses and mules.

THE OLD SCHOOL

But this year, according to the Government, the Army is to have real Manoeuvres.

The field of battle will be in Hampshire, Wiltshire and West Sussex. Sexagenarian Generals will lead beardless youths, although this is the age for young and active Generals. But as none of our present Generals have had any experience in moving about large bodies of men, the chance is given to our two senior Generals just before they retire. There is no question of training the younger Generals—if there are any young Generals—to know their part.

The horse, too, will play a very big part in the battle, although this animal is now definitely out of date for any future military operations.

Now for a glance at the map where the big fight is to be staged.

A triangle drawn between Warminster as its apex to Bagshot on one side and Chichester on the other, the base of the triangle, therefore, being between Bagshot and Chichester, is the battle ground.

Divide this triangle into two sectors by a line drawn through Newbury to Winchester and Botley, and Number I Army Corps will be in the right, and Number II Army Corps in the left sector.

The Right Sector will have the 1st Division, 2nd Division, an Infantry Brigade of the 3rd Division, a Territorial Infantry Brigade and a specially constituted Cavalry Brigade. The Left Sector will

have the 3rd Division (less one Brigade) and the 4th Division and the 1st Tank Brigade, composed of medium tanks.

Only one side, therefore, will have tanks, the Government, despite many requests, having as yet refused to create a second Tank Brigade. And there will be no light Tank Brigade—most urgently needed—for the good reason there is no such formation.

Yet these Manoeuvres are supposed to teach both tactics and strategy on modern lines. They can teach neither, with forces so constituted.

For the triangle of land on which the "Battle of Winchester" will be fought is only roughly 90 by 80 by 50 miles in area. Subtracting the half on which the Tank Brigade is "at home" within its own lines, the scope for tanks being able to operate swiftly and over any appreciable distance is negligible.

STARTLING CONTRASTS

As it is, they will have little or no influence in teaching and improving the Army in modern warfare.

And the big battle is to be begun and finished within 72 hours, of which at least a quarter will be given up to sleep! The total strength of the two Army Corps will be only about 38,000 all told. But the British public, unaware of these military considerations, will believe that the Government has been most generous to the Army.

Look abroad. Italy is staging Manoeuvres—despite her very considerable preoccupation over the Abyssinian affair—on the Alps over a wide front of hundreds of miles, Manoeuvres which will last six weeks and in which half a million troops will be employed.

French Manoeuvres will be the real thing, both in numbers, some 300,000 troops, and over an area twenty times as big as ours. They will be carried out with every modern invention of equipment and mechanisation pressed into service for experimental purposes.

Czecho-Slovakian Manoeuvres and Polish Manoeuvres will be on a scale eight and five times as big as ours respectively.

U.S.A. Army Manoeuvres will have a direct bearing on complete mechanisation. Every unit will be mechanised. Yet of the twelve Infantry Brigades in our Manoeuvres only one will be mechanised. In that respect we are just where we were eight years ago.

As to German Army Manoeuvres, they will be on the most modern and comprehensive scale.

Japanese Army Manoeuvres take place in winter and summer, a feat we would never dare, for even heavy rain is sufficient for our Generals to order the "Cease fire." In size and efficiency ours are nothing by comparison.

Are Our Thoroughbreds Soft?

By David Learmonth

ALADY of very great wealth, who is also an owner of racehorses, remarked to me the other day that sooner or later we should be compelled to re-introduce pure Arab blood into our thoroughbred stock. I had heard the same observation several times before; but previously it had been made by fanatical Arab breeders (not by the best known one in the country) so, knowing their opinions to be biased, I paid little heed to them.

This time, however, the view was put forward by one who cannot be said to be prejudiced. The speaker has, it is true, bred a very few Arabs, but has bred many more hunters and thoroughbreds. I, therefore, did not enter into any discussion upon so controversial a subject, but resolved to think the matter over.

What had really brought the subject up was a statement by an Austrian expert in *haute école*, who had been connected for many years with the famous Vienna riding school, that English horses would not stand the strain on the hocks and hind legs which this system of training entailed. He then pointed out that the Lippizzana breed, originally half Arab and half Spanish, which is exclusively used at this school, is reared in a rough and barren country, that the mares are always foaled in the open, and that the youngsters are never coddled.

Stamina Wanted

I think we must admit that the modern racehorse has not the robustness of his ancestors. Certainly he is more highly strung, more temperamental and liable to be upset by crowds and unfamiliar surroundings. He takes longer to recover after a race than his predecessor, who ran several four mile heats in a day—to say nothing of walking from Epsom to York or further between meetings, and, even allowing for the faster pace at which races are run in these times, he does not seem to stay so well.

There is, therefore, undoubtedly a case for introducing more stamina into the breed. The question is whether the admixture of pure Arab blood is the best way to effect this.

The Arab is a great stayer and is phenominally sound compared with some of our strains. But he is small and, judged by our racing standards, is very slow. It would seem, therefore, that the first effect would be that we should lose two of the characteristics which we have spent several centuries in developing.

According to the Mendeleian theory we should, by selection, in about the third or fourth generation after the original experiment, get a horse as fast and big as we have at present, with more stamina, a better constitution, and sounder limbs. But when one embarks on experiments so drastic that one breaks up essential characteristics and

plunges them all into the melting pot, one never knows quite what is going to happen. There would, therefore, be an inevitable and considerable risk.

Further, one might well ask pertinently what Arabs one would choose to improve our thoroughbreds. It would not seem that much good would be done by breeding from any but the best. How to secure, or even decide upon, the best, would be a matter of some difficulty. To select a good looker from an English stud, which has never undergone any competitive test of endurance, would hardly be sound practice, while, if one scoured the desert for the real thing one would, as likely as not, come away empty handed. Added to this it is problematical whether a Barb would not be more suitable. Personally, I think that, of the two, I would prefer a Barb.

Hounds and Horses

An analogy can be drawn here between the breeding of horses and hounds. Many attempts have been made both in England and America to improve the cry of foxhounds, particularly in woodland countries, by crossing them with Welsh hounds. Now that the fruits of these experiments have been studied, a reaction has set in, and what once threatened to become a fashion has gone out of favour.

In the case of hounds the majority of opinion now favours breeding to requirements by selection and the introduction of impure or foreign strains is on the wane. This would seem to be the solution in the case of thoroughbreds.

The evil, then, seems to have come from faulty selection which, in turn, has been caused by unfortunate conditions of races and faulty programmes. Having a preponderance of short and middle distance events, we have been breeding too much for speed and not enough for stamina. Also, being gamblers who would rather take a chance in the hope of producing a money spinner than play for safety, we have used mares and stallions from families with a tendency to unsoundness instead of resolutely weeding these out.

Nor is this all. How many horses do we not encounter on the racecourse about which we say, "I do not care for this one. He is by . . . whose stock are nearly always soft, or unreliable, or even downright rogues." When regular racegoers make remarks such as this daily, it is obvious that something must be wrong with the selection of our breeding stock.

I can recall one mare—and no doubt others will too—whose produce sold for enormous sums for several years in succession. Each one was a high-class racehorse—or would have been had she been genuine—but all were incorrigible rogues. Yet moneyed buyers continued year after year to bid high figures for such doubtful propositions.

Eton and Harrow at Lords

By Horace Wyndham

A LONG time ago—in the year of Trafalgar, to be exact—a cartel was delivered by “the Gentlemen of Harrow School,” requesting “the Gentlemen of Eton College to try their skill with them at Lord’s cricket ground. A speedy answer will oblige.” The desired “speedy answer” was returned, and the challenge accepted. Among those representing the School on the Hill in this initial match was Byron, who, although handicapped by his lameness, managed to knock up a total of nine (with a substitute to run for him). But this helped very little, as Eton scored 122 to Harrow’s 65. “We were most confoundingly beat,” admitted the embryo poet. When, however, a return match was played, three years later, the laurels were carried off by Harrow.

The early matches seem to have been somewhat hap-hazard affairs. Thus, owing to bad staff work, in 1818 only three members of the Eton XI appeared on the ground, and the vacancies had to be filled by co-opting eight Etonians from among the spectators. Of this particular match it is recorded “it was for fifty guineas a-side,” and in 1842, *Bell’s Life* declared that Lord Grimston, an ex-captain of the Harrow XI, had “a very heavy book on the result.”

“Good Old Days”

In the “good old days” proceedings at Lord’s were apt to be marked by an absence of strict decorum. On one occasion, says a witness, “a gent was angry, because he was accused by another gent of stealing his donkey. This led to a fight, in which the ‘gents’ were not the only combatants.” The practice, however, seems to have continued. “Almost a regular feature of the matches,” remarks an attendant during the ‘forties, “was a war, first wordy and then fistic, between a couple of disreputable ‘cads’ from Eton and Harrow, who championed their respective schools.”

What the reporters of the period dubbed a “fracas” occurred in 1866, and, as a result, play had to be stopped. An Etonian, thinking a mighty slog was a boundary, strolled across the pitch in leisurely fashion. But the good fielding of an Harrovian returned the ball to the wicket just in time, and the over-confident batsman was run out. Thereupon, the Eton captain protested that, since a spectator had been struck, a boundary could be credited. Both XI’s and the umpire adjourned to the pavilion, where they argued the point with vigour. The Harrow captain made a gesture, and offered to let the batsman resume his innings. The Eton Captain, not to be outdone in chivalry, declined the offer and stumps had to be drawn. Boundaries, by the way, were not recognised until 1864, and every hit had to be run out. The new ruling was necessitated when, as the result of a fierce slog, a ball disappeared

under a row of carriages, and scoring was continued for ten minutes while it was being retrieved.

There have been changes too, with regard to manners. In days now happily long gone it was considered “correct form” to hoot and jeer a fallen foe. “I have seldom heard such a yell of triumph as greeted his dismissal,” says an Etonian, when a certain player was stumped. The finish of a hard fought match was seldom devoid of incident. “Harrow’s victory by an innings and 66 runs was,” says the *Annual Register* of 1864, “hailed with vociferous cheers; and, in accordance with custom, the principals contributing to it were carried in triumph round the ground.”

“Gate-crashing”

At one time there was a certain amount of “gate-crashing” at Lord’s on the day of the match. Well aware of this, the policeman at the turnstile once challenged a somewhat diminutive Harrovian to produce his ticket for inspection. When the latter replied that he was a member of the XI, the constable’s retort was: “You young gents say precious rum things, but you’re the fiftieth who has told me he belongs to the Harrow XI.” Yet, as it happened, the free-admission seeker really was playing for Harrow. In the 1887 match A. C. Maclaran, as a boy of fifteen, made 55 and 67; and in 1888, F. S. Jackson scored 80 runs and took 11 wickets. It is said that he was inspired to this prowess by his father, who had promised him a shilling for every run and a sovereign for every wicket. As a result, Master Jackson’s bank balance was swollen by approximately £15.

Nearly forty years ago a critic declared: “The annual Eton and Harrow match, as at present played at Lord’s, is an opportunity for many people in no way connected with the two schools to show off their clothes and meet their acquaintances. Those really interested in the game are swamped in a fashionable and indifferent crowd.” After this, it is a little odd to read, “sandwiches at 6d. each disappeared rapidly.” Thus, if “on pleasure bent,” there was no lack of “frugal mind.” But Lord’s, on the day of the Eton and Harrow match is still a top hat and tail-coat affair. Like the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, Lord’s is faithful to tradition. Economic pressure, however, has reduced the number of “fancy vests” (garments with odd prismatic effects) which at one time distinguished Eton’s supporters.

When delivering after-dinner speeches, it is still the custom for cricketers to express the fond hope, “May the best side win.” This admirable sentiment always evokes prolonged and vociferous cheers. It was left, however, for an old-Harrovian, Sir Stanley Jackson (Governor of Bengal) to add, what was probably in the minds of his Harrow listeners: “All the same, I much prefer my side to win, whether it is the best one, or not.”



HIS MAJESTY THE KING

THE Press of this Country appear to have overlooked a very significant, and, it may be added, ominous admission of the new Secretary of State for the Colonies, when he was questioned in Parliament last week on the subject of our Somaliland territory which Mr. Anthony Eden with the well known generosity of people who give away what does not belong to them, gaily offered as *backsheesh* if M. Mussolini would not go to war with the slave-state Abyssinia. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the Colonial Secretary in question, was asked by Sir Arnold Wilson:

Sir A. Wilson: May I ask my Right Hon. friend whether before giving his assent to this tentative suggestion, for the exercise of the Royal prerogative, His Majesty's pleasure on the subject was ascertained?

Mr. MacDonald: I understand that the information of my Hon. and gallant friend as to the circumstances in which such a suggestion could have been put into practice is out of date. What was meant by this Minister was that no longer did the Government think it necessary to

Usurping

consult King George on so vital a matter as ceding British territory. Another question was put and again an astonishing answer was given as reported in Hansard:

Mr. Sandys: Will the Right Hon. gentleman make his statement regarding the consultation with His Majesty more clear?

Mr. MacDonald: I am advised by a high authority that the position which was SUGGESTED BY MY HONOURABLE AND GALLANT FRIEND WITH REGARD TO HIS MAJESTY'S PREROGATIVE DOES NOT HOLD TO-DAY AS IT DID IN THE FAIRLY RECENT PAST.

Captain P. MacDonald *rose*—

Mr. Speaker: We cannot discuss the question now.

TRUTH WANTED

It is much to be regretted that notice to move the adjournment of the House on the question was not moved and seconded at once, for the sooner this matter is debated and we learn the truth the better. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald attacks some very vital principles in his replies to the questions of Sir A. Wilson and Mr. Sandys. Who was the "high authority" who advised this scion of the MacDonald clan that His Majesty's prerogative does not hold to-day as it did not long ago? Was it Sir Stafford Cripps perchance? If there be some high constitutional authority who really has advised Mr. Malcolm MacDonald that the King's prerogative to-day for some reason or other has lapsed or been over-ruled, it is the right of every Briton to know on what legal grounds this assertion is made. There is no act of abdication on the part of His Majesty that we or anybody else are aware of. Indeed it would be interesting to know who is this "high authority," with his contention, whereby the King of England, in regard to constitutional questions of the highest order, such as surrendering Empire territories and the peoples inhabiting them, is not even consulted because it is "out of date."

A CHALLENGE

We believe it is all balderdash. If the Right Hon. gentleman had not been promoted to the "Seats of the Mighty" because his Papa had strong influence with certain politicians, we should say his assertion of "high authority" was a pack of lies. We challenge him to produce this anonymous authority to the public, and if he does not, it is to be hoped that Conservative Members of Parliament will demand to know. When we ascertain who he is and what (if any) are his legal arguments in support of this amazing assertion we

he King's Prerogative

can judge what there lies behind them, and how the Royal prerogative can be assigned as "out of date" and by whom.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

It is high time that the public should know the truth on this question. Several queer occurrences in the past few years have led lovers of the Monarchy to ask—who is instigating these efforts being made in various surreptitious ways by Ministers to usurp the functions of the Crown. The King's prerogative to know all and if necessary to object to—or alter—any Act of the Government can only be taken away by the people of England by whom it is given to His Majesty. And we, the people of England, have every right to object to our Monarch being ignored by the Government of the day. Englishmen must not agree to the protection of the Crown being whittled away little by little and usurped by this growth of bureaucratic tyranny—we were warned against this recently by Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, in his book "The New Despotism." It is very evident from Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's admissions that in the case of Somaliland the King was not consulted beforehand by the Prime Minister—Mr. Stanley Baldwin—who pretends to be a Conservative and yet would drag us into a war without consulting the King! Which is only helping Sir Stafford Cripps.

We again assert that Constitutional Law demands that the Ministers of the Crown are bound to obtain His Majesty's assent and permission

before they can legally make any important change in the Constitutional Laws of the Country and, moreover, further than this, the will of the people must first be obtained to agree to this change. The King is fully entitled at any time to refuse to accept the "advice" of the Government, in which case they can either abide by His Majesty's decision—or resign and go to the country—when, if they were returned on the issue, no doubt the Monarch would bow to the popular will and abdicate—but as this would again depend on the will of the people, which would most certainly in this case be most

... By ...

COMYNS BEAUMONT

firmly refused, the Government would ignominiously be dissolved. This Jubilee of our dearly-loved King has proved the deep love of his people, and all this impertinent assumption by these Jacks-in-Office is resented and deeply resented by every loyal heart in the whole of the Empire who know about it. His Majesty's Ministers are his servants and they had better remember this, and he is fully entitled to dismiss them or refuse to accept their "advice" when he considers it to be detrimental to the interests of the Nation. It is high time that these politicians who inspire so little confidence should be put in their place—whereas the Royal House stands supreme in the love and trust of all. The time is approaching—and is indeed overdue—for us to take very strong steps to stop this tyrannical attempt to encroach upon the Constitutional laws of the Country and the rights of the Monarchy which to-day are being abused. And there is no doubt which side the Nation would take if Ministers came into the open, for they would be hissed out of office with their tails between their legs, and then we should again be "Merrie England."



Buckingham Palace, the heart of the Empire

CORRESPONDENCE

Tribute to a Patriot

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

Perhaps you will be too busy to read this letter, but I've always wanted to write and tell you how I admire you for all the good you do for the sake of England.

When mother was alive she was always singing your praises, and she loved England very much, although she was born in Bermuda, and did not come over here until she was seventeen.

My father always says I am hopelessly insular; but it's not that at all, it is just that, unlike a good many of the people in England, I am a true patriot, and, therefore, always like everything British to be on top. And I know you do!

I won't inflict myself on you any longer, and, in any case, the train will be starting in a minute, and the jolting makes writing an impossibility. You see, I travel up to London every day to my office.

I hope that you will carry on your good work, and I also hope that you will get all the thanks and gratitude you deserve.

Yours very truly,
PHYLLIS M. GAY.

The Indian Babe in the Wood

SIR,—I was interested to see that Sir Edward Grigg, in addressing a Conservative gathering, said with an airiness worthy of his affable leader, Mr. Baldwin, that as far as India is concerned, we Conservatives were to regard by-gones as by-gones, and that far more important matters were to be considered at the General Election!

I wonder what object he thought we "Die-Hards" had in opposing the India Bill? Incidentally, yesterday's paper stated that Communal Riots will be the immediate result of certain clauses. At any rate we shall certainly not let India be a by-gone. One would have thought that so large a Bill, so ably forced through in opposition to the feeling of the country, would be the brightest feather in the cap of the "National" Government; but it is on the contrary to be treated as an unsavoury has-been.

We, at least, will keep its memory green and ask questions on every election platform. Things the voters will want to know are:—

- (1) What is India's financial position?
- (2) India, being already taxed to capacity and in some departments bankrupt, is the British taxpayer to pay the extra millions per year for the new Government, neither wanted by India or Great Britain?
- (3) If so, why should the British taxpayer be asked to support a country which has ceased to be any good to him and in which it will no longer be safe for him to live? (The stampede of Anglo-Indians has already begun.)
- (4) Why should the India Bill, which is loathed by all India and by the greater part of this country, have been brought forward to waste the time of Parliament, and at immense incidental expense, when the pressing questions of unemployment and national defence were absolutely shelved?

Doubtless Mr. Baldwin and all Government candidates are fully prepared with answers to these questions.

I suggest the following slogans for the "National" Government candidates at the forthcoming election (Conservative candidates will have been almost entirely suppressed).

- (1) "Conservatives are asked and expected, 'wherever possible,' to sacrifice their principles, their candidates, and their constituencies to the interests of the 'National' Government."
- (2) "Let by-gones be by-gones—Farewell to India!"

- (3) "Unemployment is one of our failures and we don't pretend to have solved it." (Honest Mr. Baldwin's confession.)
- (4) "The Budget is balanced and all cuts in the salaries of highly placed officials have been restored, with the addition of many more lucrative Government appointments."
- (5) "Rain has relieved the necessity for any reliable water scheme for the duration of the present Government."
- (6) "The perilous situation of the country with regard to air, sea, and land defence is of no consequence compared with keeping the 'National' Government in power and complete agreement with Liberals and Socialists."

The Liberal suggestion that present schemes for defence might still be scrapped (Mr. Baldwin was understood to say "Yes." *Vide the Morning Post*) pending conferences, shows how much value is to be attached to the Government's sense of obligation, which all along has been gravely doubted.

Lastly, slogan 7. "Nothing said on election platforms is binding on the 'National' Government when (or if) it gets in."

P. BRACH THOMAS.

Kingsmoor End,
Kilgetty, Pem.

The "Saturday Review" in Morocco

SIR,—I must tell you something which I am sure will amuse you.

No doubt you are aware that it is not every and any paper which is allowed to enter Morocco. The G.O.C. issues a list of banned newspapers and from time to time supplementary lists. For the most part these are ultra-Hitlerite and Communist papers—French, Italian (published abroad) and Spanish.

Not long ago my copy of the *Saturday Review* was opened by an official whose zeal surpassed his knowledge of English. The red rag and our arch-traitor's attempt to torpedo us during the war seemed to make him think that our most patriotic paper was a Communist one!

I am afraid one of his legs will be longer than the other, thanks to the chaffing he got.

It may also interest you to know what happens to my copy. After I have read it, it is read by a Scots and by an English *Légionnaire* in Meknès. Then it goes to an American in the 1st Batta. who sends it to another American in the *Compagnie Montée* of the 3rd Regiment. He sends it to a Welshman in the 3rd Batta. of his Regiment, whence it is sent to the 1st Batta. of the same Regiment, afterwards going to a *Compagnie Saharienne*. After that I cannot tell you where it goes, but, knowing our fellows—they are mighty few—I am sure it continues on its travels.

Foreign Legion, Morocco.

LEGIIONNAIRE.

The Dead March in Samuel

SIR,—Once again we have the displeasure of listening to the claptrap and vitriolic convulsions of Sir Herbert Samuel.

All thinking electors realise we are imperfectly governed. When were we not? But what practical contribution has this little "self-imagined monument of wisdom" ever made to benefit the British Empire?

This Radical ticket-pocket edition of Solomon would do well to preserve his twopenny tub-thumping thunder; for he will need it and a great deal more constructive ability to preserve himself and avert electoral defeat at the coming General Election.

STANLEY A. GEORGE,
Vice-President,
Fed. Nat. Indpt. Conservative Asso.

CORRESPONDENCE

Eden leads us up the Garden

SIR,—All true Conservatives owe a debt of gratitude to Lady Houston for her vigorous and timely open letter to Mr. Eden which appeared in your last issue. His offer to cede a portion of Somaliland to Abyssinia in order to stop war between that country and Italy is a monstrous scandal, and this without first bringing the matter before the House of Commons. Sir Samuel Hoare's assertion, too, that Members of Parliament must trust the Executive is a gross impertinence and an insult to their intelligence. Well may Lady Houston ask "To Whom does the British Empire belong?"

A contributor to one of the Sunday London newspapers aptly confesses that he does not know and cannot guess what are at present the guiding lines, the central purposes, of British foreign policy. Most of us are asking the question whether the Government have a policy at all. The plain fact is that Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues are so obsessed with the impossible aims of the futile League of Nations—three of the most important countries of the world not being even members of that body—that they "don't know where they are."

Mr. MacDonald once said that "Mr. Baldwin has as many agricultural policies as the woman of Samaria had husbands, and he has made as bad a job of them." This truism might equally well be applied to the present Government in regard to foreign affairs. How long is the country going to be content to be governed by so incompetent a set of mere politicians who entirely lack the elementals of statesmanship?

ERNEST JAMES.

12, Hawthorn Rd., Wallington, Surrey.

The Minstrel Boy

SIR,—The peripatetic tomfoolery into which Mr. Anthony Eden has been launched by a craven Government merely serves to emphasise the Empire-losing pacifism of a coterie of tenth-rate politicians with whom Britain has been cursed for longer than patriotic Englishmen care to remember.

This wandering Beau Brummel is naturally no match for the leaders of nations who know exactly what they want and who mean to get it, and the sole outcome of his invertebrate bleatings is to bring down on Britain the contempt and derision of every foreign country, large and small.

At the best he can accomplish nothing, and at the worst he can only eviscerate further an already attenuated British Empire.

One would have thought that even the incompetents who to-day misguide the interests of this country would pause and ask themselves whether the giant efforts of our architects of Empire during the past century are not worthy of something bigger and finer than the frittering away of portion after portion of our imperial heritage in an attempt to substitute a pacifism, dangerous in the extreme, for the assertion of British rights backed by that force necessary to maintain them.

This self-destructive and horrible germ of defeatism seems to have eaten into the vitals of parliamentary Conservatism, and the most damaging circumstances of all is that the chief carriers of this germ are those who are Conservative in name, if not in actuality.

We hear to-day nothing in the shape of propaganda excepting the unbridled capacity of our so-called Conservative leaders for dispensing vast slices of the reserves of industry in the soul-destroying spoon-feeding of that section of the masses which possesses the largest number of votes. There is no allusion in this propaganda to the maintenance of adequate defensive fighting forces or to the strengthening and consolidation of our Empire, for such are recognised by our political wirepullers as being of less value in vote-catching than the indiscriminate dispensation of largesse to the multitude in the guise of social "reform."

On the other hand, it might be well for our Conservative mandarins to pause and ask themselves who it was who caused the defeat of Mr. Baldwin upon the two occasions when the Socialists obtained office. If it is then realised

that the Conservative section of the electorate is larger than any other section, and this was proved at the last General Election, then there is still time for Mr. Baldwin and the Central Office to avoid a third debacle by implementing, while the sands are running out, those principles of genuine Conservatism, the betrayal of which by the National Government can otherwise only have the result of causing vast numbers of true Conservative electors to abstain from voting.

Mob appeal such as is being indulged in by the Central Office will never win over Socialist voters. But it will, if persisted in, alienate, as it has done on two previous occasions, the support of those who believe that the welfare of Britain depends upon the supremacy of the true Conservative faith.

PHILIP H. BAYER.

58, Welbeck Street, London, W.1.

Baldwin's Boloney

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

I write to you because you do things, and something has got to be done in our struggle against the surrender of India and of decent civilisation in India. Supporters have sometimes suggested a mass meeting in Hyde Park. We knew it would be hopeless because the man Baldwin and his gang have thoroughly misled the people into thinking that "India" could be "got out of the way" by legislation, and that would help the people of Britain to go ahead.

This lie has set ordinary folk against our campaign; indeed, even well-wishers are bored by the whole subject. If, however, the now real indignation against handing out bits of the Empire to Italy, etc., is properly cultivated, it really would fetch a large crowd, and the demonstration would help the struggle for the whole Empire, India included.

I say no more, for you know best what good allies would join in such a cause.

O. H. HAYTER,
24, Longton Avenue,
S.E.26.

Indian Police (Retired),
Member,
Executive Committee,
Indian Empire Society.

League Piffle

SIR,—Last week's number of the *Saturday Review* was of particular interest to me.

How any intelligent man or woman can uphold the "League of Nations" is more than I have ever been able to comprehend.

When I listened to Sir Gilbert Murray, at a Scarborough meeting of the "League" a few years ago, I felt one could drive a coach and four through all the arguments he brought forward in favour of the "League of Nations."

And to me his able address on the subject did not carry conviction, and I thought he himself realised this.

On another occasion I listened to Maude Royden, when she spoke for the "League." Years ago, as a platform speaker for the Suffragettes, Miss Royden carried all before her. Her arguments were sound in those days.

One did not feel the same when she addressed a meeting of the League of Nations. (Mrs.) E. M. PICKERING.

164, Ash Rd., Headingley, Leeds, 6.

Hoare's Free Gift Scheme

SIR,—The *Saturday Review* interested me very much. I entirely agree with Lady Houston on the political situation. I never quite trusted the National Government and the manner in which the surrender of India has been brought about has utterly disgusted me.

The majority of the Conservative party seem to be only a flock of sheep led by MacDonald and Baldwin. Was it not their own seats, with £400 a year, that weighed more with them than the safety of India?

What will be the next slice of our Empire that Sir Samuel Hoare will hand over to a foreign power?

(Miss) F. R. WOLFE.

16, Ferry Road, Barnes, S.W.18.

The Black Outlaw

By Dan Russell

THE rabbit, exhausted after long hours of futile struggling, crouched motionless under the shadow of the hedge. Its eyes were dull and glazed with pain and terror; its breath came in short, light gasps; its ears were laid flat against its head. It had been in the trap for five hours; five hours of agony and fear. Its hind-leg, gripped by the serrated steel jaws, was broken and twisted so that the gleaming sinews showed outside the skin.

But now a merciful numbness had descended upon the wretched animal and it crouched close to the ground as if resigned to its inevitable fate. Suddenly, a black shadow skimmed over the ground and a bird swooped down beside the rabbit. It was a large bird, bigger than a rook and clothed in a habit of glossy, blue-black feathers. Its beak was large and powerful like the blade of a pick-axe, and at the base was a moustache of course black hairs.

Merciful Release

It hopped round the trapped animal and surveyed it with bright, pitiless eyes. The rabbit awoke from its stupor and plunged and kicked as it recognised an enemy. The carrion-crow was in no hurry. He cocked his head on one side and gazed at his intended victim as if enjoying the spectacle of its terror. Then, with a quickness remarkable in so large a bird, he darted closer. Two strokes of that powerful beak and the rabbit was blind, both eyes blotted out by that dagger-like point. A third stroke and the skull split like an egg-shell. The black outlaw had given merciful release to the victim of the devilish gin-trap.

But to the crow it was no act of kindness. The rabbit was merely an easy meal to this marauder of the wild. For the carrion crow is a preyer on all weak and helpless things; a treacherous, cunning despoiler of nests and a murderer of all creatures less strong than himself. He did not eat much of the rabbit for he was not really hungry. He soon flew off to his favourite perch on a tall oak-tree which commanded a wide view of the surrounding fields. He sat upon the topmost branch like some obscene sentinel and watched the countryside beneath him.

Easy Prey

He saw two blackbirds, cock and hen, darting fussily about a hazel covert and his instinct told him that here was easy prey. He launched into the air and flapped his way with slow, lazy wing-beats nearer to the coppice. As he drew near, the blackbirds began to utter their shrill alarm-notes. The crow descended and perched upon a slender bough. He peered down through the branches, and there upon a twig he spied four solemn young black-

birds which had just ventured from the nest. Without haste he jumped from twig to twig and before the youngsters had time to move, one of them had died. The others fluttered into the brambles, but the black devil pursued them through the twisted stems and soon the little family were slain.

With two of the young birds inside his maw, the crow flew back to his tree and settled himself to doze. But even at rest he was alert and wary. At every strange sound or movement the boot-button eyes would peer down to ascertain the cause. For an hour or more he rested. Then he spread his wings and set off to search for prey. All through the day he foraged the fields and woods, killing and robbing. It was towards evening that he floated over a rough field which was dotted with bushes of hawthorn and elder. It had been a long and tiring day and he was heading towards his oak-tree.

Suddenly his eye was caught by an unusual movement on the ground below. He wheeled in the air and looked down. In the middle of the field was a white cat, tethered to a peg by a short string. The cat plunged and struggled in an effort to free itself. This was intriguing. The crow was always ready to gloat over the sufferings of any trapped beast, and if need be, to hasten its end. The crow planed down to a tall beech at a corner of the field and watched the cat with lively curiosity. His natural wariness was overcome by his interest in this strange and alluring sight.

An Old Trick

For a moment or two he fidgeted on the branch. His desire to approach and torment the cat was overwhelming, but in the back of his mind lingered the fear of a trap. He glanced round the field. It was deserted. He could resist the temptation no longer. Slowly he glided down to the ground and walked over to the cat. The beast spat and hissed at him, but the crow was not afraid. The cat was securely held. He danced round and round the animal waiting his opportunity to run in and strike. Suddenly a loud report echoed loudly round the field. The crow felt a searing pain tear through his body and he flopped over on his side. For a few seconds he flapped his wings convulsively then he lay still and all was over. The black outlaw was dead.

From the grove of elders came the keeper with a smoking gun. He untied the cat and picked it up.

"Well, yew've earned yore drop o' milk," he chuckled. "'Tis an old trick, but it worked. Yew drew that owd varmint into gunshot." He crammed the limp carcase of the crow into his pocket and with the cat under his arm he swung off towards his woodland cottage.

New Books I can Recommend

By the LITERARY CRITIC

THE Stuarts were perhaps the most unfortunate of Royal families. They had their virtues as well as their defects, but it is the latter that seem to loom largest in history, due, of course, to some extent to the bias and misrepresentation of Whig historians. Then, again, fate dealt very hardly with them.

As Miss Eva Scott points out in her series of interesting biographies:—

"Of the seventeen sovereigns of the name who reigned, *de facto* or *de jure*, in Scotland and in England, five only died a normal death in peaceful possession of the crown. Many of them met with violent ends. Of these, one fell in battle, one by an accidental shot from his own cannon. Two were murdered treacherously. Two perished on the scaffold; and two, at least, succumbed to the sorrow of this world, dying of the melancholia commonly called a broken heart. Only eight attained the age of fifty, and of those eight, four died throneless exiles in a foreign land."

Charm of personality was a persistent family trait, handed down the ages from the first Stuart King "beautiful beyond the sons of men, stalwart and tall, modest and courteous to all, generous, joyous and honourable;" yet it did not, and could not, suffice to win the hearts of Stuart subjects in the vast majority of cases.

Miss Eva Scott gives us detailed biographies of James V. of Scotland, Mary Queen of Scots, James I., Charles I., Charles II and James II, relying on careful research into original sources for the truth of the portraits she presents to us.

Mongolian Adventures

Readers of Henning Haslund's "Tents in Mongolia," one of the most delightful travel books that were published last year, will welcome its even more fascinating sequel "Men and Gods in Mongolia."

This tells of the author's adventures and experiences during three years' service (from 1927 to 1930) with Sven Hedin's Central Asian Expedition.

Haslund heard how in Outer Mongolia "the Red Soviet was more and more expanding its power, that the Lamas had been called up to the Army, that high taxes had been laid on the people and that everywhere a 'new freedom' prevailed which the Mongols failed to understand. The four Khanates had been abolished and the whole of the Grass Country was ruled by a pack of ignorant young fellows who just danced to the *Oros'* (Russians') pipes."

But mysterious rumours had also reached him that one genuine Mongolian Khanate had survived, somewhere in the West, outside the borders of Outer Mongolia. It was his ambition to discover this Mongolian tribe—the Torguts—who had managed to preserve its old traditions, and discover it he did, in Khara Shar, north of Lop Nor.

He lived with the Torguts for a long time and his book contains an illuminating account of their life and customs. Princess Nirgitma of the Torguts—"a slender young woman whose exquisite Parisian clothes looked exotic against her dark

Mongolian beauty" and who, when Haslund met her, had spent "seven years of university study in European capitals," pays a warm tribute to his sympathetic understanding of her people in her introduction to his book.

A Woman of Many Loves

We have had biographies fairly recently of Hester Stanhope and Lola Montez and now it is the turn of the Hon. Jane Digby el Mezrab, better known as Lady Ellenborough, the some time wife of a bombastic Viceroy of India.

That lady, after her divorce from Ellenborough, succeeded in scandalising the very proper Victorian age by the extraordinary variety of her romantic attachments before she eventually settled down to marriage with her Arab Sheikh.

But her biographer hotly contends for her that she was something far nobler than the eccentric Hester Stanhope, the frail but glamorous Lola Montez and "the immortal" Ninon de l'Enclos with whom she has often been compared.

"Her mind was never tainted. She preserved, while leading a life which viewed from any moral standard was shocking and utterly shameless, that curious innocence of evil which struck everyone who met her and which was reflected in her face until her old age."

Miss Oddie even goes so far as to assert that if her heroine had lived in the modern world she would have been "a normal woman who would find in the modern world an outlet for her indomitable spirit of adventure. Her matrimonial variability would be unnecessary, but it would in any case call for little comment."

Such enthusiastic advocacy may raise a smile, but it does not detract from the interest of the lively story Miss Oddie has to unfold.

In Praise of the Old

Mr. Hector Bolitho is a young New Zealand writer whose Victorian biographies have been distinguished both for their literary charm and their historical value.

Perhaps it is his predilection for the Victorians that has made him less scornful of the older generation than many other young writers of to-day and more inclined to admire old fashioned qualities which his contemporaries usually affect to despise.

His latest book "Older People" is a paean of praise of the old—of men and women who have been an inspiration to him in his literary work and who have given him the benefit of their friendship and advice.

It is the story of his life among these older people in England and on the Continent, a pleasantly readable chronicle, enlivened with vivid pen pictures of numerous well-known personalities.

A Gay and Merry Life

Mr. Bertie Hollander's "Before I Forget" is the record of a gay and happy-go-lucky life. It is written in a sparkling racy style, and an immense variety of names in the theatrical and sporting world of the last thirty years or so come into it.

The narrative proceeds with great spirit and humour from anecdote to anecdote. Here is one of the many stories:—

"Two ladies bracketed not quite top class in the social register were discussing Epstein. 'Ere, Mrs. Smith, what's all this fuss they are making about this

'bloomin' Genesis in Hyde Park?' 'I don't rightly know,' replied Mrs. Smith. 'Well, wot the —ll have they put it in Hyde Park for?' 'I can't rightly say, dearie, but I believe it is a memento to the women who fell in the Great War.'"

Pirate and Smuggler

Hashish—a narcotic preparation made from the dried flowering tops of hemp—is a highly popular drug in the East and its use in most Eastern countries is subject to the most stringent restrictions.

The demand for it is the temptation of the smuggler, and the Frenchman Henry de Monfreid in his book "Hashish" tells us how, tired of pearl-fishing, gun running and minor acts of piracy in the Red Sea, he was suddenly seized with the idea of smuggling the drug into Egypt.

It is a remarkable tale of a daring if not over-scrupulous adventurer's methods of defying the law, with lurid descriptions of life on a native "boutre."

An American Down-and-out

For the squeamish "Waiting for Nothing" is not to be recommended. And there are many who will doubtless find the monotony of American "stiff" slang more than a trifle wearisome. Nonetheless this book, which the publishers have found it necessary to expurgate by the elimination of a whole chapter, has an elemental vigour about it that impresses on one the horror and tragedy of the life so starkly depicted.

The English down-and-out is, one is glad to think, free from some at least of the terror and misery that haunt the American "stiff's" existence. "Gats" are not the public menace they appear to be in the States, and the English policeman's methods bear little resemblance to the ruthless brutality of American "bulls" and "cops," as this extract may suffice to show:—

I stare at this couple that eat by the window. I stare in at the window. Maybe they will know a hungry man when they see him. It is chicken they are eating. A chicken like the one in the window. Brown and fat. They are nibbling at chicken and they are not even hungry. I am starved. That chicken was meant for a hungry man. I watch them as they cut it into tiny bits. I watch their forks. They can see that I am a hungry man. When they come out they will maybe slip me a four-bit piece.

A hand slaps on my shoulder.

"What the Hell are you doin' here?" It is a cop.

"Me? Nothing," I say. "Nothing, only watching a guy eat chicken."

"Wise guy," he says. "Well, I know what to do with wise guys."

He slaps me across the face with his hand, hard.

"Where's your gat?" he says.

"I have no gat," I say. "I never had a gat in my life."

He pats my pockets. He don't find anything.

"All right," he says, "get down the street before I run you in. If I ever catch you stemming this beat, I will sap the living hell out of you. Beat it."

English Agriculture

Mrs. Tiltman is to be congratulated on her very comprehensive survey of English agriculture. She deals with every important phase of the agricultural industry and has much sound and shrewd comment to offer.

While everyone will not agree with her estimate of the value of the Marketing Acts, there can be little doubt as to the need of more and more organisation and co-operation in what Mrs. Tiltman rightly calls "England's oldest, largest and most important industry."

"In spite of her shipping, her iron, her steel and her manufactures, agriculture and the trades dependent on it can show the largest turnover. Into the farms and fields and valleys of England has been sunk more capital than into any other business in the country. In 1925 it was estimated that the value of agricultural land, including buildings on it, amounted to £815,000,000, the working capital to £400,000,000, and the produce from it to £200,000,000."

SELECTED LIST OF BOOKS

History: "Six Stuart Sovereigns" (1512-1701), by Eva Scott (Allen & Unwin, illustrated, 12/6).

Biography and Autobiography: "Portrait of Ianthe" (Jane Digby Lady Ellenborough), by E. M. Oddie (Jonathan Cape, illustrated, 12/6); "Older People," by Hector Bolitho (Cobden-Sanderson, illustrated, 10/6); "Hashish," by Henry de Monfreid (Methuen, with 15 illustrations and a map, 10/6); "Before I Forget," by Bertie Hollander (Grayson, illustrated, 8/6); "Waiting for Nothing," by Tom Kromer (Constable, 7/6); "My Seven Selves," by Hamilton Fyfe (Allen & Unwin, illustrated, 12/6).

Travel and Exploration: "Men and Gods in Mongolia," by Henning Haslund, translated from the Swedish by Elizabeth Sprigge and Claude Napier (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., with 57 illustrations and a map, 15/-); "Austria, the Land of Smiles and Tears," by Aimée Wyatt Smyth (Burrow, with 50 illustrations and a map, 8/6); "Shadows on the Road" (the haunts of Jane Austen, Scott, Horace Walpole, Frederick II, Hadyn, Beethoven, Mozart, Durer, Poe, Shelley, Byron, Dante and St. Francis), by Mercedes Gallagher Parks (Allen & Unwin, illustrated, 8/6).

Agriculture: "English Earth," by Marjorie Hessel Tiltman (Harrap, with 34 illustrations in half tone, 10/6).

FICTION

"Early Portrait," by Margaret H. Watt (Faber & Faber); "Road of Ages," by Robert Nathan (Constable); "The Year's at the Spring," by Katherine McIntosh (Methuen); "Cuckoo in June," by Ann Stafford and Jane Oliver (Chatto & Windus); "Wild Cat," by H. M. E. Clamp (Hurst & Blackett).

Short Stories: "Tender Advice," by Romer Wilson (Heinemann).

Crime, Mystery and Adventure: "Death as an Extra," by Val Geilgud and Holt Marvell (Rich & Cowan).

All the fiction, 7/6.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS

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LECTURES by Ralph Darlington, F.R.G.S. on Egypt, Greece, Palestine, The Upper Nile, Rhodesia, Kenya and Equatorial Africa.
R. Darlington, Llangollen.

MOTORING

Bigger Cars are Coming

By Sefton Cummings

IT was generally predicted when the horse-power tax was reduced that one of the results would be an increase in the number of higher powered cars. But, as the Chancellor immediately proceeded to take away on the swings what he had given on the roundabouts by increasing the tax on petrol, little movement took place in this direction until recently.

The appearance, however, of a twenty-one and a twenty-five horse-power six-cylinder Morris is a sign that at least one manufacturer considers that there will be considerable demand for vehicles of this power.

If this opinion is correct we have reached an important landmark in the development of the British motor industry, and one which should mark a great increase in our export trade.

When the tax of a pound per horse-power unit was introduced, manufacturers naturally sought to design an engine which would evade it as far as possible. In this they were to some extent assisted by the antiquated formula by which horse-power was calculated for purposes of taxation. This, being based entirely on the cylinder bore and not on cubic capacity, enabled designers to increase the stroke to a limit only fixed by engineering considerations.

In itself this did not make much difference to the industry; but the fact that fast revving high-efficiency engines of small cubic capacity tended to be produced to the exclusion of those of large bore, except in the case of very expensive makes, had a far-reaching effect.

Losing Export Trade

Taking a very long view, it is probable that the high horse-power tax has had a good effect on the industry. It forced designers to produce engines which could do the work of those hitherto double the size, and, as a direct result, there is no country in the world which produces such efficient small cars.

But that is taking a very long view indeed; for while we were developing the efficiency of our engines we were steadily losing our export trade.

That we should lose most of it so far as Continental countries and the United States were concerned was inevitable, for tariff barriers became so formidable that it was next to impossible to surmount them. But this did not mean that we lost on balance, which was, in fact, in our favour; for we practically stopped the sale of imported cars in this country and, behind the shelter of protection, lost no time in organising our own industry to supply the needs of the home market.

In the Colonies and Dominions, however, where we were in open competition with the rest of the world, the United States and Canada swept the

board. And the principal factor which caused this state of affairs was horse-power.

It is true that chassis design was another contributory cause. Conditions in many parts of America being similar to those in the Dominions, it was not unnatural that this Continent should produce a car more suitable to traversing the African Veldt and Australian Bush than one designed to negotiate even the execrable roads in the South London suburbs.

American cars, being built higher off the ground, were more suited to travelling over the bumps inevitable in an undeveloped country, while our own products which looked so neat at home, often ended ignominiously with an axle or differential smashed against a rock or excrescence of ground which the American car passed over safely. The same thing applied to trucks.

Influence on Design

Yet there is no doubt that the small size of the average British engine influenced chassis design. This influence has been all to the good so far as the home market is concerned. British chassis and body lines combining the road-holding properties of a low centre of gravity have, in fact, been followed in a greater or lesser degree by foreign manufacturers, the extent depending upon the type of market for which the particular car was intended.

Nevertheless, the quicker the home market for higher-powered cars develops the sooner it will be placed in the position to make a determined attack upon the colonies where, in spite of considerable initiative and drive, we have been labouring under a handicap. For it is obviously less economical to construct a chassis and build an engine specially for export than to export the suitable surplus from the home market.

There is, of course, another bright feature about the situation. If a firm which is excellently equipped for market research and which specialises in mass production decides that the time is ripe to market a fairly high powered car, it means that the prosperity of the public is much on the increase. When it is remembered that for every one purchaser who reaches the twenty-five horse-power category there must be several who reach for the first time the ten horse-power class, one may confidently anticipate a record year in motor sales.

Yet, if I had any influence with the Government—and no one except a juggernaut in command of a "vested interest" seems to have any at all—I would sound a note of warning. The Chancellor has already milked the petrol cow too thoroughly. The idea of fostering the development of petrol made by the low temperature carbonisation of English coal is excellent. But taxation can be carried to excess.

Supposing you were to say....

"As my own holiday is assured, I should like to think I was helping someone less fortunate to enjoy the fresh air." You would be doing a great kindness. A rest and a change are sorely needed by poor overburdened mothers, while among the children—whose only playgrounds are the mean, squalid streets—there is a great yearning for the wonderland of the beach.



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CHURCH ARMY FRESH AIR HOMES

HANDEL AND BACH

The July 1935 issue of *Music and Letters* contains the following articles:

- An Unpublished Drawing of Georg Friederich Handel J. M. Coopersmith
Handel on the Stage Edward J. Dent
The Violin Music of Handel and Bach Marion Scott
Handel's Songs and Singers Walter Ford
The Recitatives of the St. Matthew Passion Steuart Wilson
Handel and Bach The German Ambassador
Bach through the ages Alfred Einstein
Correspondence; Register of Books on Music; Reviews of Books; Music; Periodicals and Gramophone Records.

The number, as a whole, is a model of competent appreciation.—
SCOTSMAN.

ELGAR

"The January issue of *MUSIC AND LETTERS* is chiefly concerned with various aspects of the personality of Elgar. Professor Tovey writes on 'Elgar, Master of Music'; Mr. H. G. Foss on 'Elgar and His Age'; Dr. Vaughan Williams on 'What we Have Learnt from Elgar'; Mr. A. E. Brent Smith on 'The Humour of Elgar'; Mr. F. Howes on 'The Two Elgars'; and M. W. H. Reed on 'The Violin Concerto.' Such an array of names and topics makes this issue a valuable contribution to the Elgar literature."

THE SCOTSMAN.

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BROADCASTING

A MILLION TO SPEND

By Alan Howland

IT would seem from reports in the National Press that the proportion of licence-money retained by the B.B.C. is to be increased to approximately 7s. 6d. and that as a result the Corporation will have the handling of an extra million pounds each year. Everyone who admires the way in which the B.B.C. has disbursed its income during the last ten years must rejoice that it will have a further opportunity of displaying its genius for finance. At last the listener is to come into his own. How can he fail to do so since a whole million extra pounds are to be spent on providing better programmes for him?

I do not pretend to be a prophet, but I should like to forecast some of the ways in which the licence-holder is going to benefit from this wind-fall. In the first place it is obviously going to improve the programmes if everybody at Portland Place who holds the rank of Major, Commander or anything even dizzier should receive a substantial increase of salary. In particular those responsible for the administration of Broadcasting House—such as the Officer Commanding Charladies (O.C.C.), the Director of Paper Clips (D.P.C.) and the Canteen Controller (C.C.)—should receive special consideration.

Great Possibilities

Next, it would obviously be in the interests of the general public to dig a little deeper in search of the Foundations of Music. Ten years trituration does not seem to have brought anything very startling to light and no money should be spared in order to bring this noble work to a triumphant conclusion during the course of the next ten years or so.

Studio orchestras, too, must be considered. There are not enough of them. There is nothing now to stop the B.B.C. erecting studios all over the place and equipping them with octets. Then we shall have the Dartmoor Studio Orchestra, the Maidstone Studio Orchestra and so forth. This will help to lend variety to the programmes.

All this, of course, will cost money, and the B.B.C. may find that it has overspent its million and has to economise. Nothing could be simpler. Henry Hall can give a guest night every day so that none of the variety artists need be paid at all provided they get a thumping good advert.

The principle could even be extended and Adrian Boult and Henry Wood could give guest nights at the Queen's Hall. All artists fees could be cut down to a flat rate of one guinea and authors should be encouraged to write for nothing.

Direct subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Australia keeps the "Southern Cross"

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

BY purchasing for the nation the monoplane "Southern Cross" at a cost of £8,000, the Australian Government has acquired the machine which has had probably a more celebrated part in long-distance flying than any other aircraft extant.

Already, as a museum piece in Sydney, the Government possesses the Vickers-Vimy converted bomber in which Sir Ross Smith and Sir Keith Smith made, in 1919, the first flight between England and Australia. It is now to have an even more historic companion, whose utility continued long years after it made the unprecedented Pacific Ocean crossing from California to Brisbane in 1928.

Interesting in itself as an example of longevity in spite of a career which remained, to the end, dangerously adventurous, the "Southern Cross," as the nation's property, provides a monument in his lifetime to the airman whose name will for ever be associated with its feats—Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith.

Dutch in original design, American in construction, Australian-flown, this weather-scarred old Fokker, built not later than 1927, has had a career as international as its element.

With variegated cosmopolitan crews of Australians, Englishmen, Irishmen and Americans—with Kingsford-Smith in command on all its principal flights—the "Southern Cross" has had seven exciting years of life.

To future historians of aviation, it will be a fascinating relic of the developmental days of flying across and between the continents.

Only those who have been in its home port of Sydney when Kingsford-Smith has been on one of his exploits can realise the peculiar proprietary pride that Australians feel in "The Cross" and its great commander. First America-Australia flight (1928), first Australia-New Zealand flight (1928), Australia-England record and first Australian trans-Atlantic flight (1930) are among its outstanding achievements.

Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith gives his recreation as flying. This is also his business, and thousands of Australians have prosaically been "joy-flighted" in the historic craft, whose commander, if he envisaged its ultimate show-case repository, meant it first to have practical employment.

The last and most sensational adventure of the "Southern Cross" was over the Tasman Sea in May. One propeller broken, another of the three engines failing, the navigator

Empire Diary

July 13—The King holds a review at Aldershot.

Cricket: England v. South Africa, at Leeds.

Empire Summer School begins at Oxford. (Closes July 26.) It is open to all men and women interested in the British Empire. Among the addresses will be:—Prof. J. H. Morgan, "The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council"; Rt. Hon. Lord Bledisloe, "New Zealand"; Sir Alan Anderson, "The Mercantile Marine"; Sir Basil Blackett, "The Colonial Development Fund"; Mr. Handley Page, "The Future Development of Aircraft"; Sir Louis Franck, "Belgian Colonial Administration"; Sir Roderick Jones, "World News"; Mr. G. E. Fayle, "Sea Routes of the Empire"; Mrs. Alfred Watt, "With the Empire's Countrywomen."

July 14—Silver Jubilee Motor Gala at Hurlingham, in aid of the Prince of Wales' Jubilee Trust Fund.

Empire Challenge Cup at Chertsey Golf Course. (Open to Overseas Citizens of the British Empire, having a certified handicap up to 18.)

July 16—The King reviews the Fleet at Spithead.

July 17—Polo: The Empire (Prince of Wales's) Cup at Hurlingham.

Luncheon of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce in Great Britain at the Hotel Victoria. Guest of Honour, the Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General-Designate of Canada.

July 18—Meeting of the Canadian Women's Club at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, from 4-6. The speaker and Guest of Honour will be the Governor-General-Designate of Canada, Lord Tweedsmuir.

Lawn Tennis Match, at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, Great Britain v. Australia. (July 18, 19, and 20.)

July 19—Cricket: Scotland v. South Africa, at Glasgow. (2 days.)

Australians and New Zealanders in London are invited to communicate with the Hon. Secretary of the Anzac Fellowship of Women, at Australia House, for invitations to the reunions and functions.

walking the wing to transfer oil, it was coaxed back to Sydney by superb airmanship.

Reluctant as he must have been to part with the machine in which he has flown to fame, Kingsford-Smith has let it go at the apex of adventure and while it still was landing on its wheels.

Red Trek across Canada

By G. Delap Stevenson

THE great Canadian Relief Camp strike, which has at last fizzled out, has been an extraordinary upheaval.

It has lasted altogether about three months, between two and three thousand men have at different times been involved, there have been a number of serious riots, and the strikers had made their way half across Canada, from Vancouver to Regina, the Saskatchewan capital.

It began early in April when some 1,500 men marched out of British Columbia unemployment relief camps and came into Vancouver demanding work with wages.

For about eight weeks they lived on the city, holding flag days and collecting funds from sympathisers. From time to time there were disturbances, but eventually the numbers of the strikers began to dwindle; the men were returning to the camps.

The leaders then started a new idea—they would make a "hunger" march on Ottawa to deal with the Dominion Government. About 700 of them set off, not, of course, literally marching, but riding on the freight trains. The railway police were powerless to stop them, and they descended for food and rest at towns all along the way. They were joined by other discontented men till they numbered between two and three thousand.

The local authorities were hospitable, probably through mixed motives of fear and pity. The Calgary relief officials were shut up in their offices by the strikers till they agreed to provide what was wanted; while the town of Medicine Hat offered them £40 to stay away.

When they got to Regina, however, the Federal Government took a hand. Negotiations were begun; a delegation went on to Ottawa; while the Mounted Police broke up a demonstration, one policeman being killed.

This was the climax. The ring-leaders have now been arrested, while the rest have agreed to be sent back to their camps.

The strike was certainly engineered and organised by communist agitators. A Royal Commission has just reported that there is little to criticise in the standard of comfort and the administration of the camps. The strikers were not dealt with sooner largely through the division of powers between the Dominion and Provincial Governments, so that neither took action till it became really necessary.

Also there was probably the hope that the strike would work itself out. British Columbia is in a particularly bad position as to unemployment, and about a quarter of the population are said to be on relief. Its mild

climate and the opportunities of a big port attract unemployed men to Vancouver from the harsher conditions on the Prairies.

The unemployment camps were started soon after Canada began to feel the depression. They are for homeless single men without dependants. The idea is that they should not be demoralised by living idly on charity, but should be maintained in the camps and given a little pocket-money, about £1 a month, while carrying out useful public works.

The camps are under the Department of Defence, though they are run on strictly civilian lines. Much road construction, including the great Trans-Canada Highway, has already been done, and work is in progress on a system of aerodromes for the air service which is to run from coast to coast.

In the Western Provinces, however, and particularly British Columbia, there have been so many unemployed single men that special camps have had to be opened where there was really no important work to be done.

The men were thus living with very little to do in isolated camps, without much facility even for amusement. Their boredom was the material on which the agitators worked.

Ceylon Steps Forward

Monday's London Ceremony

CEYLON, the island of "spicy breezes" and of a not very happy constitutional experiment, has decided that it should be represented in England.

Next Monday at the Waldorf Hotel, the new Commissioner, Dr. Paul Pieris, a distinguished Singhalese jurist and historian, will receive 1,200 guests, including the Secretary of State and representatives of the Dominions.

The new Commissioner has offices in Australia House where, he told me, he is creating a piece of his native land.

"What is the use of heaping the shelves with ordinary produce?" he said. "I want to bring the atmosphere of my island right into London."

Fine, animated pictures of the Ceylon dancing girls and pearl fishers will hang on the walls, together with thousand-year-old masks of devil dancers, from the private collection of Dr. Pieris's son, Mr. Justin Pieris. In the dim light and against the background of specially harmonised walls, the spirit of the island's 2,500 years' history will be recaptured.

But, going from ancient to modern, Dr. Pieris says:—

"I am over here on a two-fold mission. Firstly, I am a medium between the purchaser in England and the producer in Ceylon, showing what commodities are available and generally helping the development of trade.

"Secondly, Ceylon wishes to be known in England. We feel that the

people of England do not realise the value of Ceylon to themselves, or the friendliness of the people of Ceylon towards England.

"Out in Ceylon there was a strong feeling that if a native of the island could represent the native point of view in England, it would be to the great advantage of Ceylon, and—well, here I am!"

Game in East Africa

By Cleland Scott

Nanyuki, Kenya.

May 30th.

PERIODICALLY one reads that there is a danger of the fauna of Eastern Africa being wiped out. Such is very definitely not the case. Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika all have very efficient game departments.

However, in settled areas the game must be reduced, or farming cannot progress. It is doubtless very pleasant for the townsman or visitor to see hordes of game whenever he fancies a tour up country, but he may not realise the damage that is done to farming by the game.

As regards the stock districts, ordinary game such as zebra, antelope, and gazelle eat grass day and night, almost without ceasing; they break fences to reach other grazing and water; most farms support several hundred head of game throughout every year.

Other species such as buffalo, eland, and wart-hog carry the serious disease of rinderpest, while pigs carry swine fever as well. The felines, hyenas, and jackals are very partial to beef, mutton, veal, and lamb and the losses annually from carnivora are considerable.

On account of locusts and drought the last few years, great herds of game have trekked South from the Northern Game Reserve—there are two huge game reserves in Kenya alone, where no one may shoot or photograph—and finding the grazing excellent, have stayed.

Lions and leopards have been much reduced in the settled areas, and so to a great extent the balance of nature has been destroyed, with the result that many species of wild animals have actually increased.

Before the advent of the rains, numerous stockmen were trekking their herds far afield in a search for grass eaten up chiefly by thousands of head of game. One asks why not shoot them off? The answer is that few people can afford the expense of cartridges for no return.

The aim of the game department, quite rightly, is to prevent anyone making money out of game, which automatically preserves it. At times, nothing short of machine guns or field artillery would have any effect.

Wheat farmers are hard to convince, after seeing many, many acres eaten off and trampled flat, that game is an asset. Likewise gardeners and those who grow feed for their stock, for nothing short of a high, strong,

and consequently expensive fence will keep out buck.

The game brings comparatively large sums to the country, in licenses—a visitor's full license costs £100—in tourists, and in the money spent by sportsmen during their stay.

All the same the resident feels that Shylock left plenty of descendants, for he has to pay Government rent for grass that is eaten largely by game; to rid himself of the game he again has to pay £2 for a private land license to kill animals that eat on his own farm; ten shillings for an arms license and if he keeps no rifle how is he to protect his family, his stock, or even himself from the periodical attacks of wild animals?

Touring Trains

AN innovation in train travel has been made in Southern Rhodesia. It consisted of a "Touring Train" which, leaving Bulawayo, made a round trip of the Colony, visiting all the beauty spots and places of interest, including the mysterious Zimbabwe ruins.

Most of the journeys were done by night, thus leaving the days free for sight-seeing.

At certain places where the train halt had to be made a distance from a particular spot, arrangements were made for cars to pick the passengers up and take them the rest of the journey. Five nights and four days were spent in this way, the railway company ensuring the comfort of their passengers by not allowing more than two passengers in a compartment.

Fortune for a Pound

CAPTAIN W. S. SENIOR, M.C., the Southern Rhodesian Minister for Mines, who is representing his country at the Empire Parliamentary Association meetings here, is one of the world's luckiest men.

A native of Nottingham, he looked for adventure in Africa, and, immediately before the war, purchased for £1 a prospector's licence, which entitled him to peg out claims for any gold he might find.

He made a strike, and in a very short time his mine was yielding substantial quantities of gold. When the war broke out he sold his interests, and when he returned he found that the mine had been closed as having been worked out.

He knew better, however, and acquired new rights to it by purchasing another licence. Now this mine is yielding gold to the value of £3,000 per month. Captain Senior has also interests in other mines, and is regarded as one of the most progressive industrialists in an amazing young country.

An enthusiastic airman, he owns and pilots his own machine. His greatest enthusiasm, however, is for the future of Southern Rhodesia, and he sees its mineral production adding increasingly to its wealth.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Rise of the Squatter Aristocracy

By Professor A. P. Newton

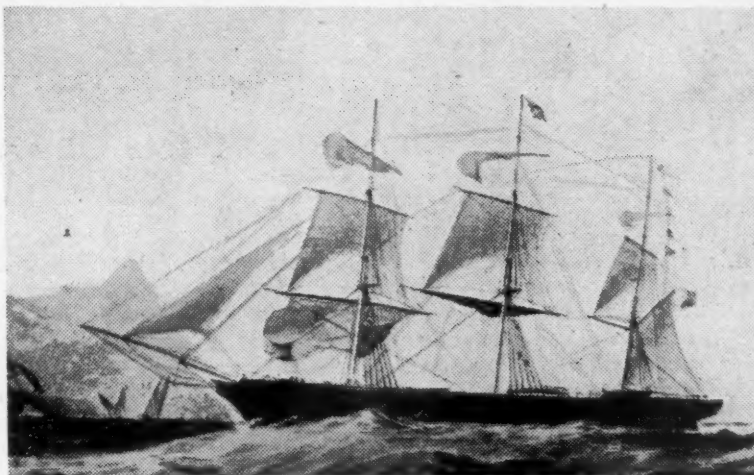
THERE are frequent instances in the English language of a word changing its meaning in the course of centuries and coming to signify something quite different; but only rarely do such changes coincide with the progress of an important historical movement.

The outstanding instance, however, is in the case of the word "squatter," whose alteration in meaning was bound up with a movement of vital importance in the history of Australia.

Strictly a "squatter" means a person who settles upon a particular piece of land and uses it for his own purpose, although he has no legal right or title to it. The typical squatter is the nomad or gypsy who "squats" or crouches before his fire of brushwood on a common or roadside waste and by long persistence succeeds in establishing himself in *de facto* possession of what did not belong to him.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, however, in a way that is now forgotten, to mention a "squatter" called to mind an Australian sheep-baron with numberless flocks roaming over his wide-spreading pastures to pour vast riches into his open hands.

He differed immeasurably from the needy, shiftless squatter on an English common, but the application of the name to him was strictly correct, for in like manner he had at



The "Orient," 1033 tons, a typical wool clipper of the type on the Australia runs in the second half of last century. Compare with the Finnish grain ships still employed.

first no legal right to the lands he used.

The struggle with the Government for squatters' rights was the first great political struggle in the history of the free community in New South Wales, and, since it led to the establishment for a time of something like a landed colonial aristocracy, it has some historical interest.

The penal colony of New South Wales was closely restricted to the area immediately surrounding Sydney, and when legal titles to land were first granted by the Governors in the early years of the nineteenth century they were only for lands within that area.

Under the prompting of John Macarthur the rearing of merino sheep soon surpassed the pasturing of cattle in importance, and the sheep-farmers found the pastures on their restricted holdings insufficient for their flocks.

Despite Governmental prohibitions, therefore, they moved out in search of new and wider pastures which would afford more nutritious herbage.

It was in this way that the lands to the north and the south of Sydney along the coast were first explored and occupied where good pasture could be found. But to the westward into the interior the way was blocked by the escarpment of the Blue Mountains, and for long it was impossible to find a way over the ridge and to see what lay beyond.

However, at last, the secret was discovered, and the first explorers found a wonderful country covered with lush grasses stretching away to all seeming illimitably.

It was not long before the flocks were being driven up and over the range and the waggons came rumbling back to bring finer and finer crops of wool every year from the rich pastures that had been found.

At first the sheep-masters cared little about settled rights. They drove their flocks wherever they

could find the best pastures. North to the Darling Downs, which reminded their English and Scottish shepherds of the rolling Downs of the Old Country, south down the tributaries of the Lachlan and the Murrumbidgee to where the border of Victoria runs to-day—everywhere their flocks could flourish; and Australian wool poured forth across the sea to fulfil the insatiable demands of the ever-extending cloth mills of the West Riding.

But such an era could not last long, and the Governors of New South Wales were at their wits' end to control the exodus from the surveyed regions of the colony and to prevent the dangers which arose from the clash of rival interests in the unsurveyed pastures of the interior.

As the first rush slowed down, the greater sheep-masters founded for themselves "stations" in particular areas of their own discovery or choice and demanded the protection of the Government in warning off others, although the prohibition of the grant of land beyond the surveyed districts was well known.

They were, in fact, "squatters" in the strict sense of the term, and ultimately after long and complicated wrangles they forced the Government to grant them leases of the lands on which they had squatted, first of their stations and later of the pastures around them.

So the more fertile lands of the Australian interior rapidly became divided up into great pastoral estates, and the squatters appeared as great sheep barons who played the part of a narrow and wealthy aristocracy against the lesser farmers and the townsmen of Sydney and the country round it.

Thus the traditional division of New South Wales politics between city and country began, to persist until our own day, although the great squatters have long ago disappeared and been replaced by large pastoral land companies.



William Charles Wentworth, New South Wales politician, the "Australian Patriot," great advocate of cause of "emancipists" and self-government, and founder of Sydney University.

The Break in Silver

(By Our City Editor)

EVENTS in the silver market seem to show that Mr. Roosevelt's efforts to expel nature with a pitchfork are being attended with the usual results in yet another direction. On the strength of America's declared intention to build up silver stocks to form one quarter of the metallic monetary reserve of the U.S.A., an immense gamble has taken place in the silver market culminating in the raising of the price in April last to 36½d. per ounce compared with under 17d. in February, 1933. The rise has caused immense embarrassment to China, which is still on the silver standard, by reason of the drain of the metal from that country and the consequent shrinkage in purchasing power and fluctuations in the Shanghai dollar. Speculation from America, China, and India has been rife and the huge "bull" market, supported entirely on American promises to buy and on the raising from time to time of the United States' domestic price for the metal, has suffered serious reaction in the past few months owing to doubts of America's actual intention or ability to carry out her declared proposals with regard to silver, so that the price has come back to little over 30d. per ounce. Even this price must be regarded as an artificial level.

America Blames Britain

On Saturday last, the fixing of the London price for the metal had to be suspended pending American support, for such was the volume of selling orders from Europe and the East, that the market would have collapsed in most undesirable fashion had the price been based, as usual, on available business. America had previously been a buyer only under the market level for the metal, which is a somewhat curious method of raising the price, yet the silver agitators in the U.S.A. are endeavouring to lay on Britain the blame for the fall in the metal. Actually, control of the silver market is not only outside the scope of any British authorities, but also outside their power, and for the fall in price, as for the previous rise, America has only herself to blame. China has already expressed strong opinions regarding American interference in the silver market.

The New India Loan

India has come into the London market again this week for the conversion of its 6 per cent. bonds repayable on October 15 next, into a 3 per cent. loan, dated 1949-52 at the price of 98. India will thereby derive full advantage from the British "cheap money" policy since a short-dated 6 per cent. bond is replaced by a 3 per cent. long-dated issue. The new loan gives a yield of about £3 1s. 3d. at its issue price, or about £3 3s. 6d. per cent. allowing for redemption in fourteen years time. The investor who looks forward to the next fourteen years of Indian rule with equanimity,

however, must be a very calm and optimistic man, and although the loan is a sterling issue, it carries no direct British guarantee. Trustees are so limited in their choice of securities; and there is such demand for loans standing at below redemption prices that the new India loan is given a somewhat artificial glamour.

It is difficult to see why India should be able to obtain better terms than the Commonwealth of Australia who have made, despite all difficulties and entirely under their own rule, successful efforts to keep faith with the British investor. The last Australian 3½ per cent. loan, dated 1956-61, now stands at about 98½, giving a flat yield of £3 6s. or £3 7s. per cent. to redemption, while the 3½ per cent. Australian loan, 1964-74, at the same price, yields £3 6s. 6d. to redemption. Both are full Trustee issues and seem rather more attractive to the investor than the new India loan when the prospective effects of the new India Bill are taken into consideration.

Building Society Warning

The Registrar of Friendly Societies draws attention to certain recently registered building societies offering interest to investors at the rate of 5 per cent. tax-free, pointing out that the interest payable is variable at the discretion of the directors who determine the rate. The Registrar points out that if a Society can afford to pay 5 per cent. interest, the charge to borrowers must be in excess of that which a prudent individual with sound security would be prepared to pay. He advises both investors and borrowers not to do business with such societies without first making very careful inquiries. It would seem that rather more stringent control of registrations of building societies is necessary.

E. K. Cole

As forecast in these columns some weeks ago, the final dividend of E. K. Cole, Ltd., the radio manufacturers, makes 30 per cent. for the year, though earnings permit of a very much larger payment. The 5s. shares stand at around 30s., giving a yield, on last year's dividend basis, of 5 per cent., and as earnings amount to over 94 per cent. on the ordinary capital, this is by no means a return to be despised, even though the company is engaged in a semi-speculative industry. The company is proposing to create £250,000 of 5½ per cent. first preference shares, which should also be quite an attractive industrial preference of their kind. The chief point disclosed by the recent report is that the company's finances are being stabilised so that fluctuations of fortune, one way or the other, will not in the future be so directly reflected in dividend rates, as is normally the case with radio-manufacturing companies.

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CINEMA

THE LIFE OF A MUSICIAN

By Mark Forrest

THE latest picture coming from Russia has little, if anything, to recommend it. *St. Petersburg*, or, as it was called in Paris, *Nights of St. Petersburg*, is at the Academy and the plot is made up of two of Dostoevski's stories, *Netotchka* and *White Nights*, but hardly any of the author's power has been translated to the screen.

The time is 1860, and the theme has been set out as follows: It is the life of a musician, struggling to gain recognition for his genius and being continually passed over in favour of violinists and composers with reputations abroad. Unwilling to prostitute his art he holds fast to his ideal, finding recognition with the masses who understand the symbolism of his music and the message he has written for them.

There are certainly opportunities in this idea for a good, if melancholy, picture which in Russian hands would inevitably hold up to ridicule the minds of the aristocracy and magnify the intelligence of those of the peasants. One is prepared for that and for the loading of the dice which is inevitable in any film made under the auspices of the present régime in Russia. What one is not prepared for is the lack of continuity, the unreal drama, the pristine treatment and the vacillating direction.

Secret of Genius

The desire of the directors, Messrs. G. Rochel and V. Stoeva, to adorn a simple idea by emphasising the percussions and repercussions of the revolution defeats itself, and no more extraordinary ally has been dragged into the lists against the aristocracy than appreciation of music. The dilemma of the directors is quite plain at the outset and they behave as people generally do with a dilemma, namely, perch upon its horns.

Genius belongs neither to the rich nor the poor, neither to the ill nor the well born—and appreciation of it is similarly unconfined. All that this turgid and unconvincing picture really succeeds in doing is in showing that these things are so, though its aim seems to be precisely the opposite.

The acting, for a Russian picture, is equally unsatisfying and I can only think that no-one connected with the enterprise really believed in much more than the opening thousand feet of the celluloid which went to the making of the picture.

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THEATRE NOTES

"Noah"

New Theatre

By Arthur Wilmurt.

AS I did not see the performance of "Noah" in its original language I must judge it as I saw it at the New Theatre. In the first place, it is an amusing play with some witty lines, although the theme of it, including as it did Noah's own, shall we say one-sided conversation with his Maker, seemed a little strange to my Nordic mind. The production by Michel Saint-Denis was excellent, but I was, I admit, a little disappointed that the animals did not go into the Ark two by two as I have always been encouraged to believe they did.

The scenery and costumes were designed and executed by "Motley" and there is no doubt that the honours of the evening belong to the owner of that pseudonym. They were certainly unforgettable and perhaps it would have spoilt the illusion to have had two of each.

As for the acting, there were admirable performances by Colin Keith Johnson as the vigorous, rebellious and unbelieving Ham, by Ena Burrill as Naomi, his sweetheart, by Jessica Tandy as Ada, another daughter-in-law-to-be, by Barbara Seymour as Daisy, the coy but contented Cow and by Eric Wynn-Owen as the Monkey. I feel that this artist must have spent many hours at the Zoo in deep study of his subject, so satisfactory was the result. George Devine, too, gave a fine performance of the Man who sought to overcome Noah and his "witchcraft," but who was himself overcome.

Of Noah himself, played by John Gielgud, I can only say that to dress and make-up as a very old gentleman is not enough. It was John Gielgud speaking, not Noah; it was John Gielgud hammering nails into the Ark, not Noah; it was John Gielgud and not Noah, who exhorted his "family" to have faith. Indeed, it seemed to me that having achieved the foot-work as it were, Mr. Gielgud thought that would suffice. Or did Mr. Gielgud think his "fans" would be disappointed if they did not hear his voice?

"Alanova"

His Majesty's Theatre

THIS recital, the first of three special matinees of dance and mime presented by Mme. Alanova "supported by Stephan Kovacz at the piano," was interesting, but disappointing. The interest lay in the fact that for the first time in several years I heard a pianist who was a musician and an artist, playing because he loved to play and not because he was "keeping the rhythm" for the dancer he was supporting. I feel "inspiring" would be a more suitable word, for I dare not imagine Mme. Alanova's performance without the help of Kovacz. Dimitri Bouchen, who designed the dresses must also in fairness be accredited with a very large part of the success of the afternoon, for these costumes of themselves often told the story before the dance began.

The disappointment was in Mme. Alanova herself. To my mind, she should not attempt to

express any but the lightest of emotions. The *Gavotte* by Prokovieff, *Allegro Barbaro* by Bartok, and *Impressions of a Circus* by Blancheford—especially the latter—were so much more satisfactory than *Jeanne D'Arc* and *The Blessed Damsel*. The music for some of the items was sung by a chorus. If this medium is to be used it should, I feel, be so perfectly done as not to disturb the ear while the eye is watching the stage. On this occasion such, alas, was not the case.

"Mona Rani"

Arts Theatre Club

MONA RANI presented an unpretentious programme of Hindu dancing and music at the Arts Theatre Club last week for four nights. Her numbers are mainly pictures of homely scenes and events in Hindu village life and her company seemed to me to regard the stage as if it were the centre of their native village and the audience their friends and neighbours. Mona Rani, who does all the dancing herself to the accompaniment of strange harmonies upon strange instruments was pleasant to watch, but it is difficult to appreciate the symbolism of Hindu dancing unless it is presented with bolder strokes and a more dramatic line. As it was, the whole performance was dim and unsatisfying, not to be compared with the exquisite work of Uday-Shankar and his troupe who were here last year.

This tentative quality in the dancing was carried out also in the music, which failed to stress those tantalising rhythms so strange to Western ears yet so thrilling when performed with sincerity and abandon.

C.S.

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